

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



LAUNCH OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "VENGEANCE" AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. CHARLES J. DE LACY.

The vessel, which was christened by Mrs. Vickers, left the ways in magnificent style to the strains of "Rule, Britannia." A description of the battle-ship appears on our Illustrations page.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

As I write, there is a spell of relief from that temperature which has been grilling everything except an Australian cricketer. Last night I was awakened by the delicious sound of heavy rain with a thunder obbligato. I rushed to the bath-room, turned on the taps, and revelled in their liquid music. There had been no water in the bath-room for a week, and it was explained to me that the water company had evaded all inquiry, even under the pressure of solicitors. It is commonly supposed (except by interested shareholders) that a water company seizes any pretext for cutting off the supply and insisting on the payment of the rate; and yet when the heavens opened, the taps responded to the call of duty, thus showing that even a water company may have a celestial prompter.

The heat has brought out an abundant crop of straw hats—notably, the Panama, with its rollicking brim and black band. Black, you will recollect, was the colour of the dreaded ensign of pirates on the high seas. I hope the social observers in London who write for the Paris papers will not dwell on this. Panama and the black flag! The patriots who shout at M. Loubet, "A bas les Panamistes!" will have a new access of frenzy if they hear that the English (who are well known to be in league with M. Loubet for the destruction of France) have taken to Panama hats with piratical effrontery. It is a mercy that the illustrious Prince who honoured with his presence the athletic sports in the Queen's Club grounds wore a Tyrolean hat, and not a Panama. The athletes of Oxford and Cambridge were ostensibly engaged in running and jumping against the champions of Harvard and Yale; but everybody knows that the Prince was really reviewing the thews and sinews of the Anglo-American alliance, and if he had crowned this ceremony with a Panama hat the French journals would have been thrown into a delirium.

Our Panamistes are not politicians; nor are they employed in nefarious commerce. They are simple Britons eager to keep their heads cool, and attracted just a little to the Panama hat by a certain suggestion of the romantic sombrero. This must be the reason why you see this headgear on some men who were clearly not meant for it. It goes ill with very short straight hair and the typical Saxon nose. A novelist of my acquaintance who rejoices in a Renaissance head and complexion looks in a Panama like a superior kind of Calabrian bandit. I know an actor, on the other hand, to whom this hat gives the air of a very melancholy old lady. What a struggle he must have had before the looking-glass—all the poetical ardour of his calling urging him towards the hat, and all the shrewd common-sense which comes with growing baldness seeking to dissuade him! Romance triumphed, and I would not for worlds have him suspect that his hat is prejudicing him in the public eye. In some manly bosoms the dread of singularity overpowers the timid promptings of imagination. They simmer resignedly in the customary black hat with the thermometer at ninety in the shade. If you look at old prints of the early Victorian cricketers, you will see that it took some time to eject the tall hat even from the cricket field.

This reminds me of a correspondent who writes: "What is a man to do who receives from an anonymous donor a necktie which a natural shrinking from brilliant colouring makes it impossible for him to wear? It is one of those dazzling articles that haberdashers put in their windows merely for the sake of decoration and of lightening up the gloom of London. Nobody buys them seriously; as you must know, the fashionable tie is a small and sober thing that does not court the public notice. The tie sent to me is huge and flamboyant; if I were to put it on, I should feel like a man in a mustard plaster! The trouble is that the sender may be an heiress, who will be offended if I don't wear it. I'm not a literary man, but I seem to remember a story of a woman who threw her glove into a circus full of lions, and dared her lover to jump in and pick it up. I'd rather face the lions any day than rig myself out in this tie! Do you think Mr. Sanger would lend me a few tame beasts for an afternoon party, to which I would invite all the ladies I know? Then I would throw down the tie—but no! it would infuriate the most domesticated lion that ever nibbled a sponge-cake! You see the importance of this affair. My prospects in life may depend upon the hazard of the tie." I recommend my correspondent to conquer his truly British shyness, and deck himself in the talisman. He will probably find that the giver is a wealthy haberdasher's daughter.

Have you reflected that the temporal salvation of London depends upon Teddington Lock? Thoughtless sightseers are no longer allowed to hang over Boulter's Lock on Sunday, watching the struggles of inexperienced boating men, and shouting, "Go it, old Gingerbeer!" at the anxious punter who has provided that harmless leverage for his feminine guests. I say these sightseers had better go to Teddington, and sober themselves by watching the diminishing river. Let them consider that unless

two hundred million gallons pass through Teddington every day, the water companies cannot draw one hundred and thirty million gallons for our daily supply. Mr. Wells, in one of his gloomy forecasts, sees the Thames dried up. No more skittishness at Boulter's for the young men and maidens of A.D. 2000! London is to have a sea-canal, and her streets and drains will be flushed with salt water. That looks a more sensible arrangement than the present waste of fresh water on sanitary purposes. I suggested this in conversation, and was promptly told that the wood pavement, washed with the sea, would give us all ophthalmia and spread disease among the horses. To this it was demurred that there will be no horses in a little while, and that we shall all wear blue goggles. In this serious spirit is the future discussed when people of intelligence sit under trees at Ranelagh, and correct one another's science and aspirations.

Some alarmists take Teddington Lock so much to heart that they flee from London before their wanted holiday-time. A friend of mine is a Welshman with a strong conviction that waterless London can be saved only by the mountain springs of his native land, and that the Welsh people should make excellent terms before they consent to relieve the thirsting capital of the invader. So he is off to refresh himself and his family with his ancestral rills, and to ponder the conditions of just compensation to the wronged Principality. Another man asked me to go yachting, and said he would send full particulars from Southampton. Here are the particulars: "You will be surprised to hear that I have suddenly returned to town. Oh that yacht! The captain drank; the steward thieved; the mate swore. I remembered that I had really a very pleasant house in London; so I have come home, and the agent who let me the yacht is looking out for some other ingenious sportsman." I should have had temptations on that yacht. The mate would have been interesting, if his imprecations were original, and the state of the captain would have prompted me to take command. My friend, who is a celebrated dramatist, with a far-away look in his eye, which I always know to mean the engendering of the fourth act, would have sat resignedly on the compass, and we should have ended as castaways.

No; it is safer to stay in town and read Mr. Auberon Herbert. I always look for this strange, blithe creature at this season in the columns of the *Times*. Here he is, with a long indictment of the House of Lords for passing the Shop Seats Bill. So kind of these comfortable peers, he says, to give away seats they will not have the expense of making, in shops that don't belong to them, to young ladies they have never seen! He admits that a seat for a tired shop-girl is an excellent thing; but all its virtue goes out of it when the girl's employer is coerced by peers. Not until every man is a law unto himself shall we have true liberty and enlightenment. Let me draw Mr. Herbert's attention to the grievance of the New York police. They are growing so fat that they have been ordered to put themselves on a regimen. The head of the force, disliking his own tendency to corpulence, weighs himself anxiously every day, and lives sparsely. That is his affair; but why should he coerce his subordinates who are large in the belt? Mr. Herbert detests police because they represent coercion in its most obnoxious form; but his principles will teach him that even a policeman has rights, and one of them is the right to grow fat if it so pleases him. Obesity may incommode him in the pursuit of a thief; but then, as Mr. Herbert will show, thieves ought not to be pursued. They have the right to grow fat, too, on the property of their neighbours. I want Mr. Herbert to write a column about this in the *Times*, that I may read him with tranquil delight while the taps are running.

Mr. Herbert is not the only public soother in sultry weather. There is the benevolent observer who discovers the moving oddities of beast and bird. Have you read the story of the wren, the cuckoo, and the rabbit-hutch? A young cuckoo was found in a lark's nest, put into a rabbit-hutch, and fed by hand. It was noticed very soon that he had a feathered minister of grace in the shape of a mothering wren, who brought him food. The wren, I presume, had no offspring of her own, and by the irony which governs the bird world as it does our human affairs, she must befriend a graceless young cuckoo, who will probably start a criminal career by turning young wrens out of the first nest he takes a fancy to. If you think this too cynical, you can read the story of the Java sparrow who tended his sick mate, sheltered her with his wing till she died, and then perished of despair. Some people will prefer to read how Workman won the three-mile race for Cambridge, or how Boal, of Harvard, threw the hammer and discomfited Oxford. A Harvard man, by the way, sends me a poem too long to print. It is all about the American prowess with the hammer, and suggests that Thor, the hammering god, will be jealous because—

When Thor would drink to Odin, he must pledge him in a Boal.

The Direct is of The Illustrated London News and the Sketch, Limited, have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares for the period ended June 30. The transfer registers of the ordinary shares will be closed from Aug. 1 to 18, both days inclusive.

LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
PARIS FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY—CHEAP
HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS. By Royal Mail Route via Newcastle, Dieppe, Rouen, and the Valley of the Seine. SATURDAY, Aug. 5, from Victoria and London Bridge 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 4, 5, and 6, from Victoria 8.20 a.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class). Fares, 35s. 5d.; 35s. 3d.; 25s.

NORMANDY AND BRITTANY FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY. Roads and Scenery specially recommended to Cyclists. **CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.**
TO DIEPPE from London Bridge and Victoria, by Day or Night Service. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 4, 5, 6, and 7 (First and Second Class). Fares, 25s.; 15s.; available 6/7 Return up to Aug. 9.
TO ROUEN.—Tourist Tickets available for One Month are issued from London to Rouen via Dieppe, returning via Caen and Newhaven, or vice versa. Fares, 35s. 5d.; 40s.
TO CAEN, from London Bridge and Victoria, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 3, 4, and 5, 8.20 p.m. Fares, 35s., 25s., 15s. Returning within 14 days.
For full Particulars see Handbills, or address Continental Traffic Manager, L. D. & S. Co., London Bridge, S.E.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.
SEE "SOUTH COAST QUARTERLY" (Illustrated). Price 2d., of all Book-sellers, or the Railway Company.

BRIGHTON SEAPORT. Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, Cheltenham Junction, and London Bridge.
Trains in connection from Kensington.
Fast Train arr. Hastings 12.35 p.m., leaves Victoria 11 a.m. to Seabell without calling, arr. 12.40 p.m. Slip Carriage arr. Eastbourne 12.35 p.m.
Cheap Week-end and Return Tickets issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.
Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and London and Eastbourne.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.
Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered throughout.
The Trains run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also run to and from the Hyde Pier Head Station, thereby enabling passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
For particulars see Time Books, or address Superintendent of the Line, L.D. & S. Co., London Bridge, S.E.

COWES WEEK, JULY 31 to AUGUST 5.

ISLE OF WIGHT—FOUR ROUTES
BY
LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

WEEK DAYS.
COWES, &c., via SOUTHAMPTON.

		dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
WATERLOO	6.0	7.55	11.15	12.20	5.10	6.0	6.0	6.0	6.0
COWES	11.10	12.10	3.0	4.20	7.0	8.45
NEWPORT	11.18	12.15	3.05	4.15	7.10

LYMINGTON ROUTE.—To YARMOUTH, for
FRESHWATER, TOTLAND BAY, and ALUM BAY.
Coaches are now running between Yarmouth, Freshwater, and Alum Bay.

		dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
WATERLOO	6.0	7.55	11.15	12.20	5.10	6.0	6.0	6.0	6.0
YARMOUTH	9.25	11.30	12.55	3.30	4.45	7.55
FRESHWATER	10.30	..	1.30	4.15	6.15
TOTLAND BAY	12.0	..	4.0	6.20
ALUM BAY	12.10	..	4.10

PORTSMOUTH ROUTE via THE DIRECT LINE.

		dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
WATERLOO	6.0	7.55	11.15	12.20	5.10	6.0	6.0	6.0	6.0
PORTSMOUTH	8.5	10.11	11.01	2.11	3.40	4.29	5.40	6.55	7.5
HYDE	8.45	10.15	11.00	2.01	3.30	4.19	5.29	6.44	7.39
VENTNOR	10.0	11.4	12.4	2.11	3.35	4.15	5.0	7.15	8.27

STOKES BAY (FAMILY) ROUTE.

		dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.	dep.	arr.
WATERLOO	6.0	7.55	11.15	12.20	5.10	6.0	6.0	6.0	6.0
HYDE	12.0	..	2.55	4.21	7.0
VENTNOR	12.10	..	3.20	4.45	7.0

Excursions every Saturday to LYMINGTON, PORTSMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c.
CHAS. J. OWENS, Manager.

"TOUR IRELAND."

INCREASED FACILITIES. NEW ROUTES.
IDEAL RESORTS.

THE FOUR PROVINCES OF IRELAND.

A PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED BOOK, Descriptive of
the many INTERESTING, BEAUTIFUL, and HISTORIC PLACES connected with the four provinces of Ireland, together with every information as to Routes, Trains, and Fares. Through Tourist Ordinary and Excursion Tickets issued to all stations by all Routes.
Geo. K. TIERHAM, Agent, Irish Railways, 2, Charing Cross, London, & W.

A CHILL, WESTPORT, CLIFDEN,

SLIGO AND LOUGH GILL,

BUNDORAN, ENNISKILLEN, LOUGH ERNE.

BELFAST, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,

CARLINGFORD LOUGH, MOURNE MOUNTAINS,

DUBLIN, BRAY, KINGSTOWN.

CORK HARBOUR, AND QUEENSTOWN.

KILLARNEY, PRINCE OF WALES'S ROUTE,
via BANTY, GLENGARIFF, KENMARE.

CAMBRIAN RAILWAYS.—TOURS IN WALES.

BATHING, BOATING, FISHING (SEA, RIVER, AND LAKE), GOLFING, COACHING, AND MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.
UNRIVALLED SCENIC VIEWS, CHEAP TOURIST AND WEEK-END TICKETS.
Through Corridor Carriages by Express Trains to and from London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c.
For particulars see the Company's Time Tables, or apply to Mr. W. H. GOSWELL, Superintendent of the Line, Oswestry.
Oswestry, July 1899. C. S. DENNIS, General Manager.

NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHELLAND
STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S

SUMMER CRUISES.

The fine Steam-yacht ST. SUNNIVA from LEITH to COPENHAGEN, CHRISTIANIA, and WEST COAST OF NORWAY, Aug. 2 and 13. Inclusive fare, £10 10s. Four-berth Cabin for £4.

From ABERDEEN DOCK, LEITH, to GATHNESS, and the ORKNEY and SHELLAND ISLANDS, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, and from ABERDEEN five times a week, from May 1 to Sept. 30.

Full particulars from Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company, 102, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.; Wodde and Co., 4, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 4, Constitution Street, Leith.
CHARLES MERRILLS, Manager, Aberdeen.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

PRINCIPAL SERVICES TO SEASIDE RESORTS.

WEEK-DAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	
From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To
Paddington	dep.	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25
Weymouth	arr.	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10
Gurnsey	arr.	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25
Jersey	arr.	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40
Minehead	arr.	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50
Ilfracombe	arr.	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00
Exeter	arr.	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10
Dawlish	arr.	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20
Teignmouth	arr.	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30
Torquay	arr.	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	arr.	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50
Newquay	arr.	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00
Falmouth	arr.	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10
St. Ives	arr.	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20
Penzance	arr.	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30
Tenby	arr.	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40
Dolgellau	arr.	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50
Barmouth	arr.	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00
Aberystwyth	arr.	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10

A North Road Station. B Landing Stage. C Saturdays only at Barmouth. D Sundays excepted. E Arrive 54 Sunday mornings. CHANNEL ISLANDS EXCURSIONS EVERY SATURDAY BY DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE, for a fortnight or less. Return Fare, 2s. 6d. WEST OF ENGLAND EXCURSIONS EVERY THURSDAY, FRIDAY NIGHT, or SATURDAY, for a Week, or a Fortnight, &c. SCILLY ISLANDS EXCURSIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, for a Week, or a Fortnight, &c. Steamers from Penzance on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Tourist Tickets available for Two Months by any Train are issued at Paddington to Channel Islands, West of England, Scilly Islands, North and South Wales, &c.

THAMES RIVERSIDE SEASON.

IMPROVED SERVICE. EXCURSION TICKETS are issued DAILY, by certain trains, from PADDINGTON, VICTORIA (L. & C.D.), Addison Road, Hammersmith, &c., to Staines (2s.), Windsor (2s. 6d.), Maidenhead, and BURNHAM BECHES (3s.), Cookham, Bourne End, MARLOW, Sharnbrook, and BLENLEY (3s. 6d.), Tilehurst (3s.), Pangbourne (3s. 6d.), Goring (3s. 6d.), Chisley (3s. 6d.), and on WEEK-DAYS ONLY to WALLINGFORD (3s.). For full particulars, EXCURSION BOOKINGS to the WEST OF ENGLAND, WYOMOUTH, CHANNEL ISLANDS, &c. see Pamphlets, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Reading Office. J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

FRIDAY, AUG. 4, to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, Dumfries, Ayr, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, and ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND, allowing of return up to fifteen days. SUNDAY, AUG. 5, to BIRMINGHAM, MANCHESTER, Liverpool, Blackpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Hull, Scarborough, Morecambe, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and other HOLIDAY RESORTS in Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-Eastern District, &c., returning on Aug. 7 or 10. MONDAY, AUG. 6, to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, LUTON, BEDFORD, Kettering, Leicester, Birmingham, and MANCHESTER, returning as per bill. SUMMER SEASON EXCURSIONS. For particulars of Season Excursions to ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, THE ISLE OF MAN, MORECAMBE, LANCASTER, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, MATLOCK, BUXTON, SCARBOROUGH, BRIDLETON, the NORTH OF ENGLAND and SCOTLAND, see special bills. A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND. CHEAP TICKETS are now issued to DUBLIN and South of Ireland, DUBLIN, BELFAST, PORTURISH, also EXCURSION TOUR TICKETS to BELFAST and the NORTH OF IRELAND. See bills for times, fares, routes, &c. CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS are now issued every Friday and Saturday from LONDON (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF SEASIDE and INLAND HOLIDAY RESORTS, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dumfries, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Greenock, Melrose, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., available for return on the following Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, or Tuesday. Tickets issued on Aug. 4 and 5 will be available for return up to Aug. 10. WEEK-END EXCURSION PROGRAMME. LODGING LISTS, BILLS, &c., may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and CITY BOOKING OFFICES, and from Thomas Cook and Son, Ltd., Agents, and Branch Offices. GEORGE H. TRENKLE, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CONVENIENT FAST EXPRESSES FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	
From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To
London (Euston)	dep.	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25
Rhyl	arr.	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10
Colwyn Bay	arr.	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25
Llandudno	arr.	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40
Pennicuance	arr.	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50
Bangor	arr.	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00
Pwllheli	arr.	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10
Oricelch	arr.	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20
London (Euston)	dep.	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25
Barmouth	arr.	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10
Aberystwyth	arr.	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25

CENTRAL WALES.

From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To
London (Euston)	dep.	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25
Llandrindod Wells	arr.	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10
Llangamarch Wells	arr.	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25
Llanwrtyd Wells	arr.	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To
London (Euston)	dep.	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25
Blackpool	arr.	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10
Morecambe	arr.	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25
Windermere	arr.	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40
Kewick	arr.	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices. Euston, July 1899. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TEMPTING TOURS.

VARIED SCENERY, GREAT LAKES, PRAIRIES, ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BANFF HOT SPRINGS, HUNTING AND FISHING RESORTS, ONTARIO, MONTANA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SWISS GUIDES IN THE ROCKIES. For Tickets, Free Illustrated Pamphlets, apply Canadian Pacific Railway, 67, King William Street, London Bridge, or 34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUG. 7.

TRAINS		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	
From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To	From	To
Paddington	dep.	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25	8.30	7.25
Weymouth	arr.	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10	11.15	10.10
Gurnsey	arr.	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25	11.30	10.25
Jersey	arr.	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40	11.45	10.40
Minehead	arr.	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50	11.55	10.50
Ilfracombe	arr.	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00	12.05	11.00
Exeter	arr.	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10	12.15	11.10
Dawlish	arr.	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20	12.25	11.20
Teignmouth	arr.	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30	12.35	11.30
Torquay	arr.	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40	12.45	11.40
Plymouth (Mill Bay)	arr.	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50	12.55	11.50
Newquay	arr.	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00	1.05	12.00
Falmouth	arr.	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10	1.15	12.10
St. Ives	arr.	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20	1.25	12.20
Penzance	arr.	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30	1.35	12.30
Tenby	arr.	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40	1.45	12.40
Dolgellau	arr.	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50	1.55	12.50
Barmouth	arr.	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00	2.05	1.00
Aberystwyth	arr.	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10	2.15	1.10

BRITANNIA THEATRE ("Lost in New York"). STANLEY THEATRE ("My Girl"). MORNING PERFORMANCE ON BANK HOLIDAY. THE "LONDON" and "CAMBRIDGE" MUSIC HALLS (Variety Entertainments).

ALEXANDER JUNCTION for the ALEXANDER THEATRE ("A Soldier and a Man"—Morning Performance on Bank Holiday). DALSTON THEATRE ("The Life we Live").

PRIMROSE HILL, REGENT'S PARK, and the BOTANIC and ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. HIGHBURY and ISLINGTON for the GRAND THEATRE (The Carl Rosa Opera Company).

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G. BOLLAND NEWTON, General Manager.

Broad Street Station, July 1899.

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BRACING AIR.

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IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES AND MOORS.

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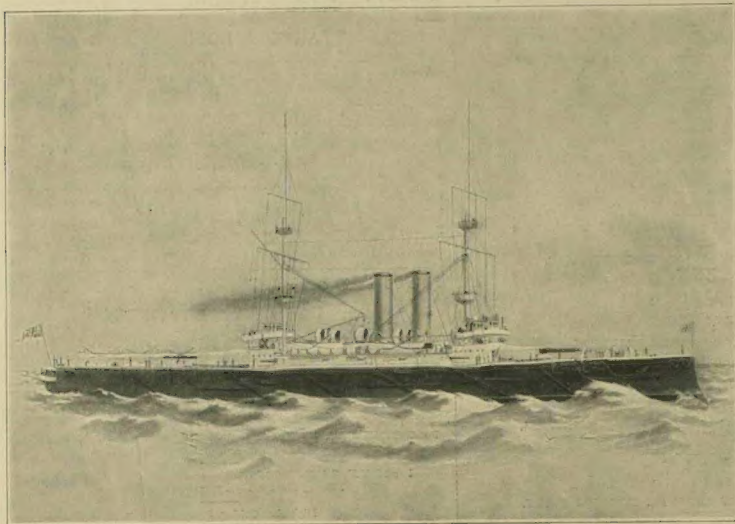
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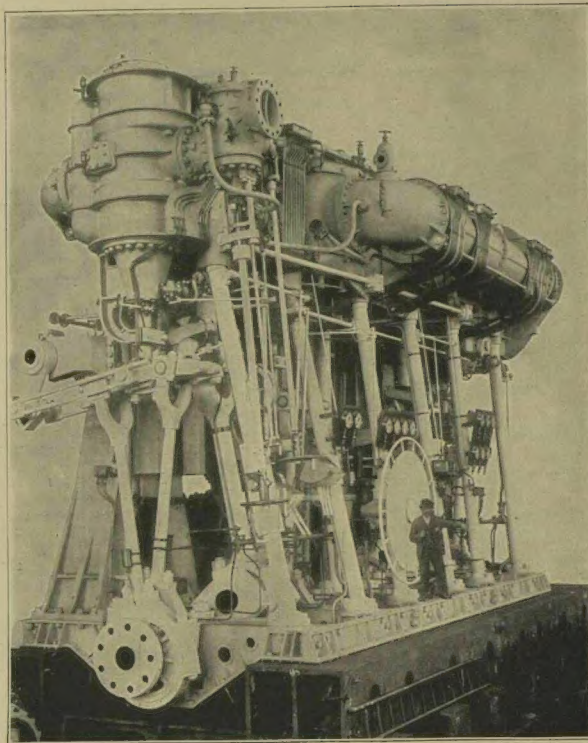
THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP "VENGEANCE."

There was launched on Tuesday from the Naval Construction Works of Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Limited, at Barrow-in-Furness, the first-class battle-ship *Vengeance*, built for the British Navy. She was ordered a year later than the five vessels of the *Canopus* class, and while closely resembling them in general design,

Speed is now regarded as the third important quality in the design of a battle-ship. The time was when, even with less fighting-power, 12 or 13 knots was regarded as sufficient; but now the preliminary tactics which may determine the issue necessitate a high speed (18½ knots), and this has been rendered more easy of attainment by adopting the



THE "VENGEANCE" AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN FITTED FOR SEA.



ONE OF THE ENGINES OF THE "VENGEANCE."

embodies several important improvements in detail. The design was prepared by Sir William H. White, K.C.B., the Assistant Controller and Director of Naval Construction.

The leading dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length between perpendiculars, 390 ft.; breadth, 74 ft.; load draught, 26 ft.; displacement, 12,950 tons. The vessel is built up on the usual double-bottom system, the inner as well as the outer skin being carried up to the side of the ship to form the armour-shelf 6 ft. below the load water-line. This side-armour extends for nearly two-thirds of the length of the ship, forming, with an armoured bulkhead across the ship at the forward and after end, a citadel whose length is about 230 ft., and the full width of the ship. Within the length of this citadel, which occupies the central part of the length of the ship, are placed not only all the guns, but also the magazines, necessary for the fighting of the ship. The side-armour forming this citadel is 6 in. thick, and the end bulkheads of an average thickness of 10 in., all specially hardened. But the ends of the ship are not left without protection, and in this respect the *Vengeance* marks a forward move as compared with most of the earlier British battle-ships. The main 6-in. belt is continued forward in the form of 2-in. nickel steel, which widens out so that the whole of the sides of the ship at the ram is coated with this thickness of metal. The *Vengeance* may thus ram an adversary's ship without her skin plating being ruptured.

The ship is equal to the best in the Navy in the qualities of offence. Her big guns are of the 12-in. type, each weighing about 50 tons. There will be four of these weapons, which are superior in attack to the 110 tons of ten years ago, or the 67 tons of eight years ago. The guns will be mounted in pairs, each pair within barbette situated at the forward and after end of the citadel, and will be covered in with a specially large armour hood.

water-tube boiler, for from each ton of weight 22-horse power can be got instead of 16, as with the old round boiler. The *Vengeance* has two screws, each driven

by an independent set of triple-expansion engines, with three vertical cylinders of the collective power of 6750 indicated horse-power, the aggregate being 13,500.



THE RECENT FLOODS IN SOUTHSEA.

Photo. Russell, Southampton.



THE FLOODS IN SOUTHSEA: INTERRUPTION OF CAR TRAFFIC.

Photo. Russell, Southampton.



FIRE AT THE VOLTA CENTENARY EXHIBITION AT COMO.

Photo. supplied by Negretti and Zambra.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

All last week public interest has been centred on the two great British fleets fronting each other in mimic warfare off the coasts of Ireland and Wales. It is only by such tests as these that we can form an estimate of the strength and fighting power of our Navy in the event of our shores being really attacked. The hostile fleet "A," under Admiral Rawson, proceeded on Friday and Saturday from Lough Swilly to Belfast, in order to coal for its coming contest with fleet "B," the headquarters of which are at Milford Haven. On Saturday Admiral Rawson took advantage of the calm weather to have a speed-trial among the ships of his rear squadron, which had weighed anchor for Belfast at six o'clock in the morning. Of the battle-ships the *Mersey* proceeded independently, the *Thames* being left behind because of a break-down in her steering gear. The cruisers led, of course, the *Andromeda* being well ahead with a speed of nearly 18 knots, and the *Terpsichore* second with a speed of 16.8. The worst performers in the whole fleet were the *Retribution* with 14.8 knots, and the *Eolus* with only 13.3—both of which records are considered anything but satisfactory. The fleet coaled very expeditiously in Belfast Lough, the only accident being the unfortunate death of a seaman who was killed through incautiously standing in the direct swing of a coaling crane. Meanwhile "B" fleet was also coaling at Milford Haven, the huge line of anchored war-ships extending five miles from Pembroke towards the mouth of the Haven. The place seems absolutely impregnable. It

Belfast, there was an accident during coaling, a boy on board the *Juno* being somewhat seriously injured. Unpleasant as the work of coaling is, the sailors take to it with remarkable good-humour and alacrity, partly induced thereto by a substantial increase of pay and by what is valued quite as much—permission to smoke while they are working. It was curious to see the alteration in the appearance of the ships and men produced



THE HENLEY OF THE WEST: BATH AVON AND BRISTOL ARIEL ROWING CLUBS' REGATTA AT SALTORD.

Photo, Teor Castle, Clifton.

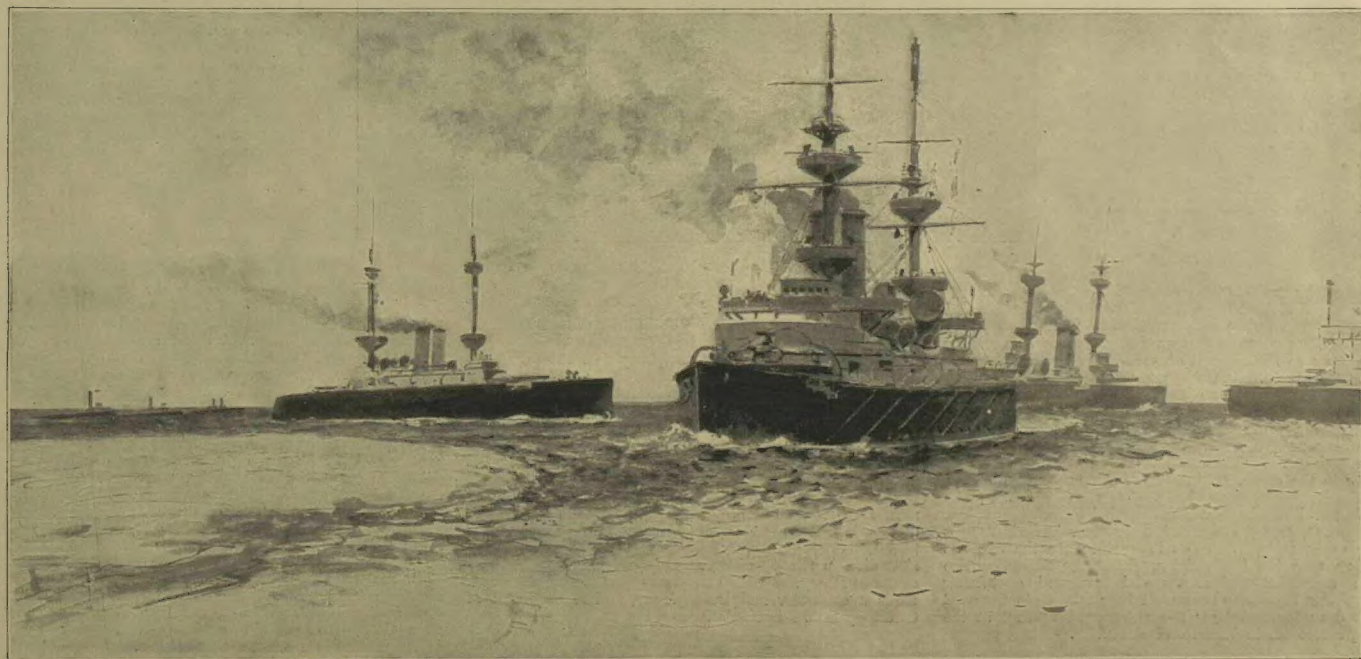
by the dirty and dusty job. Five minutes after the fuel began to rattle into the holds everything that had been immaculately spick and span became as black as a Hottentot. By-the-by, there are ugly rumours heard about defects that have declared themselves in the engine-rooms of several of the Milford Haven contingent. Owing to these defects the manoeuvring power of some ships was temporarily impaired. It may be owing to

came at the end of the programme, when a dead-heat was recorded. In one race between scratch fours there was a great deal of splashing. In the race for the Bath City Challenge Vase, which the Avon Club carried off for the second year in succession, the winners showed fine form. At the Burnt Oak they were leading by a length, and although Ariel then slightly reduced the lead, they could do nothing in the last

SALTORD REGATTA.

Last Saturday the Bath Avon and Bristol Ariel Rowing Clubs held their annual regatta at Saltford. In Bristol and Bath the weather was threatening, and many intending regatta-goers were deterred; but it was fine at Saltford, and those who were brave enough to venture forth were rewarded by a pleasant afternoon. The crowd, however, was rather smaller than usual, and lost something in picturesqueness. The decorated boat competition, formerly a most attractive feature of the meeting, was this year somewhat of a failure. There was only one entry, and although the boat in question was very prettily decorated with real and artificial Iceland poppies and marigolds, one swallow, of course, does not make a summer. The Bristol Ariel Club made a better appearance than they did last year, winning the Red-land Cup, the Clifton Plate, and the Saltford Plate; but the chief honours fell to Bath Avon, which won the City Challenge Vase and the Avon Plate. Two tugs-of-war lent humour to the occasion.

As regards interest in the actual races, there was a distinctly retrograde movement. The most exciting events



"Resolution." "Prince George." "Jupiter." "Magnificent."
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: STEAM TACTICS OFF BELFAST, SATURDAY, JULY 22.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

is defended by ten battle-ships and twenty cruisers, with a total of nearly 14,000 men; and, in addition, there is a collection of the most formidable torpedo-boat destroyers in the world.

As to the coaling at Milford Haven, the *Europa* and *Argonaut* took in as much as one thousand tons apiece, which seems excessive; but then we must remember that they were far from being full up with coal when they first joined the flag. Here, too, as at

this that the Press censorship is being exercised with more than customary strictness. Although no general order has been issued by Admiral Domville, the word has been passed round privately that such-and-such matters are not to be spoken of. The scene at the Haven was sometimes exceedingly brilliant when the sun shone on the Captains' cutters coming and going, with their pennants flying on the pinnacles, with their gleaming brass funnels, and on the constantly passing sailing-boats.

dozen lengths, and the race was lost by less than a length. The Avon Plate, which is contested by junior fours, was splendidly disputed down to the White Gate. At that point Avon led by half a length, which they afterwards increased to a length. A crab caught by Ariel gave victory to Avon by a full two lengths. After the races the contending clubs entertained about one hundred guests at a supper and smoking-concert.

FIRE AT THE VOLTA EXHIBITION AT COMO.

Universal regret was expressed when an untimely fire destroyed some of the buildings which had been reared to house the electrical exhibits brought together at Como to celebrate the centenary of Volta. Volta's services to the science in which he was a pioneer are recognised by the very name of Voltaic electricity, and Como is justly proud of giving birth to the great discoverer. The damage done by the fire is being rapidly repaired, and the exhibition now occupies a beautiful site on the old Campo Garibaldi, and also on the old public gardens, which are divided from the Campo by the pretty little river Cosia. From a splendid central rotunda galleries branch out in all directions, filled with exhibits of dynamos, generators, and motors from all the countries of Europe. The immense electric power thus secured is utilised to light up the gardens, the great galleries and halls, and the glowing fountains, and the result is a blaze of splendour such as has been rarely seen in any exhibition.

THE FLOODS AT SOUTHSEA.

After the break-up of the extremely hot weather of last week heavy thunderstorms and tremendous rain visited the southern parts of England. On Sunday Portsmouth was deluged, the railway line near Fratton being two feet under water. The tramway service had to be suspended. At Southsea many of the streets were impassable, and boats were used to convey passengers to and from the pier. Tons of water came through the roof of the Town Hall, seriously damaging the interior. The general damage at Southsea is estimated at several thousands of pounds. The manhole covers were lifted bodily off the sewers, and other extraordinary effects of the storm were noted. The proverbial oldest inhabitant is, of course, in evidence, with his proverbial failure to remember a tempest equally severe.

NURSES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

People who have counted merely how many pounds, shillings, and pence that have been contributed to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund have made some important omissions in their mode of reckoning. Granted that the actual sum contributed, large as it is, has not come up to some of the expectations formed for it, failure is the very last word to be applied to the great scheme to which his Royal Highness had devoted so much time and energy. The example of the Prince, and the interest his action has aroused, will long continue to be prolific for the good of the hospitals, whose yearly income will, we believe, be henceforth increased thereby. The presence of the Princess of Wales on July 20 to open the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, in Bloomsbury, was made additionally welcome by the presence also of the Prince himself. "As you know," he was able to say, "I take a deep interest in all that concerns hospitals, especially in London, and I may say that it is a practical interest." That assertion, modestly made, had further illustration on the next day, when 1200 hospital nurses were entertained in the garden at Marlborough House, presented with certificates by the Princess, and made welcome in a pleasant speech by the Prince.

THE SALVATION ARMY EXHIBITION.

On Saturday last there was a private view of the exhibition which has been organised by the Salvation Army in the Agricultural Hall at Islington. The exhibition is intended to present the public with a picture of the Army's social and religious work in foreign lands, and is exceedingly interesting to the general observer. In one corner may be seen a picturesque Zulu kraal inhabited by native converts, in another an Indian village with a group of famine children; here is a Japanese tea-village, and there a party of Klondikers. Most of the Continental countries send groups of Salvationists, whose picturesque national costumes add brightness and colour to the scene. Holland is represented by a Dutch farmhouse, Switzerland by a chalet in which watch-making and wood-carving are carried on, while Sweden, Lapland, Germany, Italy, and many other lands have sent their contingents. Not less interesting are the exhibits dealing with the industrial work of the Army. Prize fowls, a market-garden, a model farmyard containing pigs, sheep, horses, and cows, all bear witness to the good work done for and by "the submerged tenth" at the Army's colonies in Essex and elsewhere.

STUDIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

No. XXVI.—THE GIANT GIRDLE-TAIL.

Many kinds of lizards protect themselves by means of spines; and in several these spines attain their chief development on the tail, to which, indeed, they may be restricted. Perhaps the most familiar of such types are the thorny-tails, which inhabit open sandy districts in North Africa and South-West Asia. In these, which are very common on the plains of the Punjab, the head and body are comparatively smooth, but the tail is protected by a number of rings, each heavily armed with strong spines, and looking for all the world like a series of miniature spiked

dog-collars. In South Africa and Madagascar, on the other hand, the thorny-tails are replaced by a very different group of lizards, known as the girdle-tails; the largest representative of these forming the subject of our illustration. Having tails armoured in a manner very similar to those of the thorny-tails, these lizards may be distinguished at a glance from the latter by their much longer heads (which, as in the present species, may be armed behind with spines), as well as by the presence of spines on the scales of the body. They also present many other points of difference—some external and others anatomical—but these need not detain us on this occasion.

R. LYDEKKER.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

The finish for the Queen's Prize of 1899 was one of the most exciting, if not the most exciting, of recent years. At the close of the 800-yards range, the Silver Medallist, Colour-Sergeant Matthews, of the Civil Service, was leading, but at the next range Sergeant Jones, 1st Welsh Fusiliers, and Sergeant Black tied for the lead with 299 points, Anderson, of the 4th Scottish Rifles, having scored 296. At the 1000-yards range Private Priaulx, of the Guernsey Militia, crept up almost unnoticed. Priaulx finished with 336, Anderson coming in immediately afterwards with a similar score. The interest in Jones then became intense, for the Welshman had still two shots to go and a bull's-eye would win him the prize. With his ninth shot he made an inner



PRIVATE PRIAULX, WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

Photo. Knight, Aldershot.

and tied. He had only to hit the target to win. It seemed almost impossible that so skilled a marksman could achieve an absolute miss, but that was just exactly what he did, and so the Principality was robbed of its distinction.

Anderson, Jones, and Priaulx, having agreed to pool the first three prizes, then proceeded to shoot off the tie. Priaulx fired first with a bull, Anderson scored a magpie, and Jones an inner. The last test was watched with breathless interest. Priaulx, steady and unconcerned, again had a bull, the Scotchman having to content himself with a magpie, the Welshman with an inner. After the next three shots Guernsey still led, but Jones could have tied again had he made a last bull. Again he missed the target, leaving Priaulx the winner. The Guernsey champion is twenty-nine years of age, and is not a newcomer at Bisley. In 1896 he was in the Queen's Hundred. He is a carpenter and fruit-grower, and is champion of Guernsey Rifle Association.

COAL-MINING IN CHINA.

In point of abundance coal takes the first place among the mineral products of China. The coalfields of the country are estimated to equal in extent all the coalfields of the world put together, but the output has as yet been trifling. This is partly due to the fact that the richest regions are difficult of access, and that the Chinese miner cannot cope with water in the pits. The mining is therefore carried on by means of horizontal adits or shallow pits. The tableland of Shansi yields the best coal, other great fields being in Szechwan and Kweichow. Our illustration shows mining at Tayuen Fu, in North China, where the methods employed are, to say the least, primitive.

A LOOK ROUND.

The Covent Garden Royal Opera season ended last Monday with the reappearance of Madame Melba as Juliette. The chief attraction vanished a month or so ago with M. Jean de Reszke. Alvarez came; and his success with Madame Hégdon in Isidore de Lara's "Messaline" was some compensation for the departure of the great Polish tenor. M. Saléza, who is assuredly a tenor of the near future, has wrought wonders; and when Van Dyck was here his intelligence, his great voice (not always in perfect tune), and his fine dramatic power went far towards redeeming the situation. Among the sopranos, Melba (with her delightful dulcet tones) has, of course, been pre-eminent. There is none to approach her. We missed Nordica, whose disappearance was as sudden as that of Jean de Reszke; but Madame Gadske made a more than favourable impression, both by the beauty of her voice and by the sincerity of her acting. Madame Lilli Lehmann simply proved that she is a very fine artist indeed in every possible way. Edouard de Reszke, Plançon, Ancona, and de Lucia rendered noble service. In fine, in point of singing, Covent Garden kept its repute. In the stage management there was a distinct improvement this year. The electric light, newly installed, has been an advantage, and in one instance, de Lara's opera "Messaline," the mounting was nothing short of superb. Of that work we spoke at length when it was first produced at Monte Carlo in March, and the performances in London have strengthened and intensified that opinion.

Finally, the list of operas performed has been reasonably attractive, and we understand that the financial results have been eminently satisfactory. *La com-media è finita!*

The opening day of the Goodwood Meeting was truly "glorious." The rain and thunderstorms came over the hills in time to render the course in beautiful condition, and passed away in time to leave the weather superbly fine. Possibly the attendance was not quite so large as usual on Tuesday. It was quite easy to get about in the paddock. The gathering was highly fashionable, and included the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Christian. The first great race, the Stewards' Cup, was keenly interesting. Unfortunately, as is so often the case in this fashionable "sprint race," as it is called, the results were disappointing, and the best laid calculations of form and chances went "agley." There is always a strong element of luck in the drawing for positions at the start. The favourite on this occasion got the worst. Then, again, there was a long and irritating delay at the post. This often has the effect of taking the pluck out of a high-mettled racer, and making him sulky. It did so in the case of Eager, the top weight, and Nun Nicer; and consequently there are many more now looking forward to the advent of the starting-gate, which is to be tried in the near future. The winner, Mr. Bottomley's Northern Farmer, covered the distance, over six furlongs, in the fastest time on record—namely, 1 min. 12 3-5 sec. His owner gave 2500 guineas for him as a three-year-old, but he had since more than paid his way. The favourite, Diendonné, once again proved a disappointing character, and finished absolutely last. It was refreshing to note that the Prince and many members of the nobility set the example of wearing light "bowlers" and straw hats.

"Seldom, if ever, has a more interesting series of athletic competitions been seen than that on the Queen's Club grounds, West Kensington, on Saturday last. The flower of English and American athleticism may be said to have been adequately represented by the rival teams—Oxford and Cambridge and Harvard and Yale. A spirit of cordiality prevailed throughout, and the enthusiasm was of the most genuine and healthy description. Other conditions, too, helped to make the meeting of such a character as to lead to hopes of its repetition another year. The weather was exceedingly pleasant, and the company numerous and distinguished, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York; while the absolute result hung upon the last event. This England won. H. W. Workman (Pembroke, Cambridge) defeating C. K. Palmer (Yale) by more than 100 yards in the three-miles race; time, 15 min. 24 2-5 sec. Full particulars will be found, with photographs, on another page.

"The Guinea-Pigs," a new play written by Miss Florence Warden and produced at the Kennington Theatre on Monday night, seems to have no intention more serious than that of exploiting company-mongering in the interests of the romantic conventions. It is not uninteresting in its way, this drama of finance; but compared with such distantly related pieces as Mr. Bronson Howard's "Henrietta," or Mr. Edward Rose's "Agatha Tylden," it is but as chalk to cheese. That "The Guinea-Pigs" follows the exploded fashion of impossible social contrasts set by "New Men and Old Acres" and other alleged comedies of the 'sixties, that one of its pairs of lovers bears a resemblance to and fulfils the same function in the play as a quaint couple who figure in "The Ambassador"; that the acting of Mr. George Titteradge, Mr. Oswald York, and Miss Essex Dune, in the leading rôles is discreet rather than brilliant—these, we think, are the really noticeable features of Miss Warden's extravagant romance.

PERSONAL.

The Queen, who returned to Osborne on July 21, will stay in the Isle of Wight until the end of August. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, Princess Victoria and Prince Maurice. At Portsmouth was performed the interesting and little known ceremony of presenting the keys of the garrison to the Sovereign. Her Majesty then crossed to Cowes on the royal yacht *Alberta*.

Colonel Robert Green Ingersoll, the distinguished American lecturer on freethought, whose death is announced, was born in Dresden, N.Y., in 1833. Having studied law, he practised at the Bar until the Civil War broke out, when he was made Colonel of an Illinois regiment. He nominated Blaine for the Presidency at the Republican National Convention of 1876. He was an attractive speaker and a voluminous writer. Many of his lectures attacking Christianity so alarmed the American ministers that they replied to them from the pulpit.

The place which Sir James Vaughan occupied so long and honourably at Bow Street Police Court has been filled up by Mr. Albert De Rutzen, who for a considerable number of years has been presiding magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court. Mr. De Rutzen is third son of Charles, Baron De Rutzen, of Slebeck Hall, Pembroke. He was born in 1831, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1857 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He served as stipendiary magistrate at Merthyr Tydfil, and was for a time Deputy-Chairman of Quarter

and Lothian prizes, and a first class in modern history. He was a lecturer at Brasenose, and afterwards a tutor in the same college. His publications include "The Student's Modern Empire" and a monograph on Richelieu.

An eminent man of business has passed away in the late Mr. J. Stewart Hodgson, formerly partner in the house of Baring. Mr. Hodgson, who died at Haslemere, was born in 1827, and was the son of a former Governor of the Bank of England and M.P. for Bristol. Until the Baring crash he lived in his beautiful residence on Lythe Hill, proving himself a generous patron of art. He met his ill-fortune bravely, removed to a smaller house, and applied himself to the work of liquidation with great energy and success. He was universally loved and esteemed.

The Rev. Charles Graves, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, whose death we have already recorded, was the son of a Dublin barrister, and was born in 1812. He was a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was elected a Scholar in 1832, and Fellow in 1836. In 1843 he was appointed Erasmus Professor of Mathematics. In 1861 he was President of the Royal Irish Academy. The late Bishop was the brother-in-law of von Ranke, and counted Wordsworth among his friends. One of his sons is Mr. Alfred P. Graves, author of many well-known Irish songs.

The late Mr. Henry Maudslay, formerly a principal of the firm of Maudslay Sons and Field, was well known as a Palestine explorer. At his own expense he carried out

HINTS TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

For the service of holiday-makers who have chosen Paris, Normandy, and Brittany for their August Bank Holiday tour, the Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Royal Mail route via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service on Saturday, Aug. 5, and also by the express night service on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 4, 5, and 6. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run as required.

Those who think of tasting the fresh breezes of Northern Europe might do worse than try a holiday in the Island of Fanö, on the west coast of Jutland. The island has risen in favour as a watering-place not only with the Scandinavian and North German peoples, but with English visitors. Its popularity with our countrymen has no doubt been greatly aided by the enterprise of Messrs. Tegner Price and Co., whose Harwich-Esbjerg route makes Denmark easily accessible. The company's steamers sail three times weekly, the voyage occupying from twenty-five to thirty hours. The return fares to Copenhagen and Esbjerg are extremely moderate. Golfers and cyclists will find in Fanö that they have every opportunity for enjoying their favourite recreation.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels, available for eight days, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next



Photo. Amy, Landport.
THE LATE COLONEL INGERSOLL.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. A. DE RUTZEN.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. W. GARRETT.



Photo. Davis and Sandford, 'ex York.
MR. BAX-IRONSIDE,
Chargé d'Affaires at Peking.



Photo. Barclay.
PROFESSOR LODGE.



Photo. Fether, Wellenstadt.
THE LATE MR. J. S. HODGSON.



Photo. Lafayette.
THE LATE BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

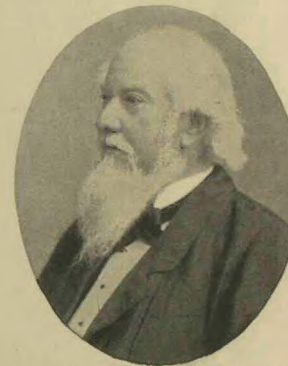


Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE LATE MR. HENRY MAUDSLAY.

Sessions for Glamorgan. Since 1876 he has been a Metropolitan Police magistrate.

The newly elected London police magistrate, Mr. Edmund William Garrett, of Ardeers, Epsom, was educated at Shrewsbury School and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1873 with honours in law. In 1875 he was called to the Bar, and has since practised on the Midland Circuit, where of recent years he has acted as one of the counsel for the Treasury, prosecuting in the Mint cases. He was a member of the first Middlesex Council, and was elected an Alderman on his ceasing to reside in the county. He also served on the first General Council of the Bar, of which he has continued a member till the present time. In 1894 he was appointed a revising barrister. Mr. Garrett is author of "The Law of Nuisances."

Mr. Bax-Ironside, who is at present in charge of British interests in China, is an old Etonian. After a successful career at Oxford, he entered the Diplomatic Service in 1883. Since that date he has had a varied experience in the affairs of nations, having served successively in the Foreign Office, and at her Majesty's Embassies and Legations in Constantinople, Copenhagen, Teheran, Vienna, Cairo, and Washington; he was also Chargé d'Affaires in the Central American Republics. He is well acquainted with Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, and has considerable knowledge of Oriental as well as European methods of diplomacy.

Mr. Richard Lodge, who has been elected to the Chair of History in Edinburgh University, has held a similar appointment in Glasgow University since 1894. Mr. Lodge belongs to Staffordshire, where he was born in 1855. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and at Balliol College. During his Oxford career he took the Stanhope

some important excavations in Jerusalem, earning the gratitude of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Some interesting pavement which he discovered was presented by him to St. Paul's Cathedral and the Freemasons' Hall. He was a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, a Governor of Christ's Hospital, and for many years past had devoted himself entirely to works of charity and benevolence.

Sir Thomas Lipton is a Glasgow man. So the visit of the *Shamrock* to the Clyde has been made the occasion of popular festival, despite a little soreness because the yacht was built, not on the Clyde, but on the Thames.

The Czar is said to have sent a telegram to Prince Louis Bonaparte (a Colonel in the Russian army) congratulating him on his thirty-seventh birthday, and predicting his return to France as the chosen ruler of the French people. This has been taken seriously in some quarters, but it is a childish invention on the face of it. The Czar can have no desire to quarrel with the French Republic. Prince Louis will continue to be an excellent Russian Colonel, reflecting a little sadly, perhaps, that at thirty-seven the founder of his family was the victor of Jena.

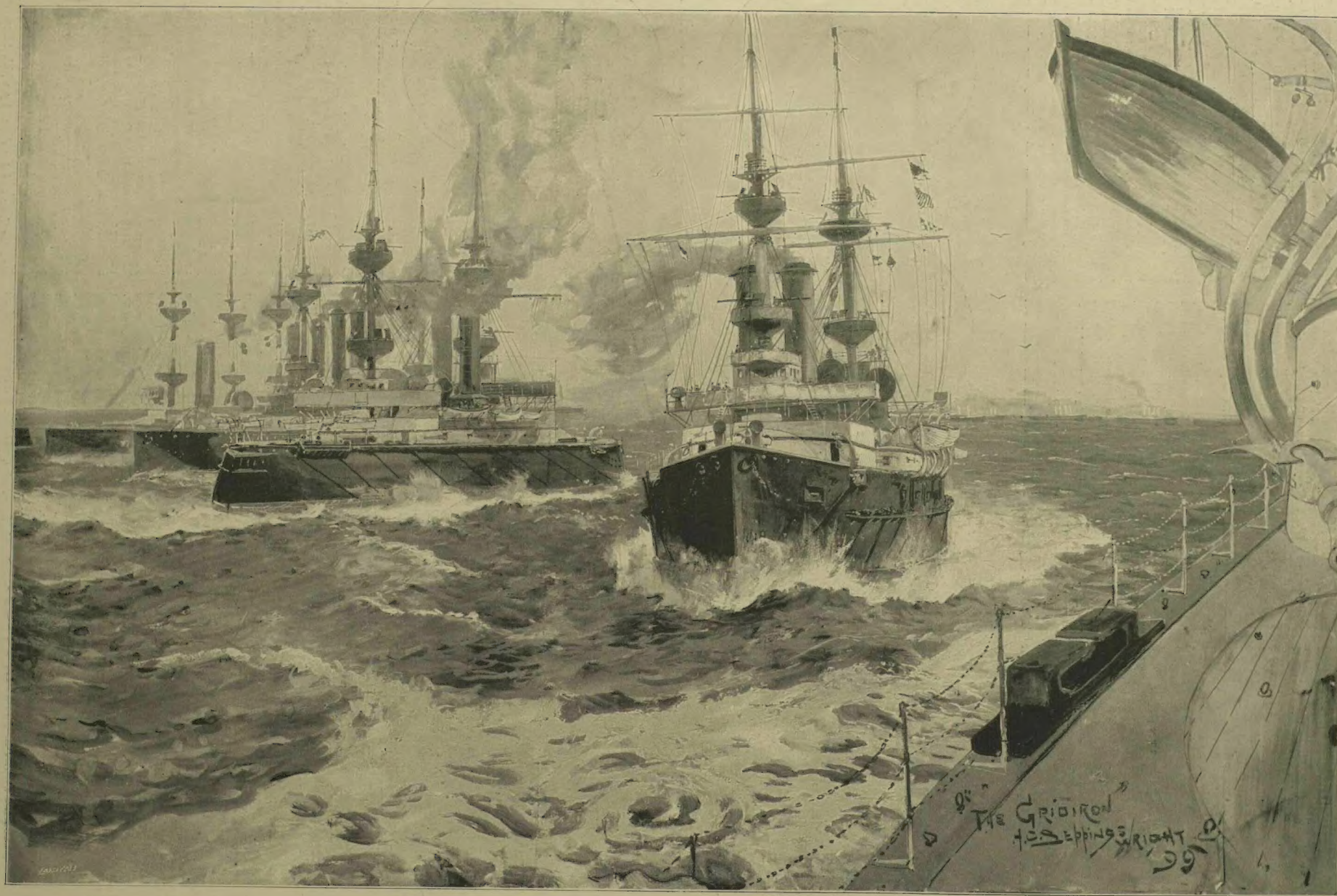
Mr. Elihu Root has succeeded Mr. Alger as American Secretary for War. Mr. Root is a prominent lawyer in New York, and gives up a most lucrative practice to serve the State for a very small salary. The Great Republic is very frugal with its salaries. If Mr. Root is as radical as his name implies he will recall General Otis from Manila.

Interest in Transvaal developments received a fresh fillip when President Kruger's resignation over the dynamite monopoly question was reported and then confirmed. But the game is far from new, and we were, therefore, prepared for the further news, which arrived in due course, that, under pressure, Mr. Kruger had reconsidered his position.

morning, after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For tourists visiting the Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Switzerland, special facilities, such as through carriages, etc., are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich on Aug. 2 and 5 for Hamburg, returning Aug. 6 and 9.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement is probably never so much appreciated as during the week preceding the Bank Holiday, when large numbers of people avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for obtaining tickets at their own time and without the crowding and worry inseparable from a large railway station at holiday seasons. The fares charged are the same as at Paddington. The booking offices at Paddington station will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 2, and three following days, and the tickets issued (except those for specified excursion trains) will be available for use on any of those days.

Cheap excursion trains will be run by the Midland Railway from London on Friday night, Aug. 4, to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc., for four or ten days, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Ayr, etc., for four and ten days, by which trains third-class return tickets will be issued at a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days. Cheap excursion tickets will be issued from London (St. Pancras) to Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, etc., and excursion tour tickets to the North of Ireland on Friday, Aug. 4. On Saturday, Aug. 5, a cheap excursion train will be run to Birmingham, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Blackburn, and other centres of the North.



"Resolution."

"Hannibal."

"Jupiter."

"Mars."

"Prince George."

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: THE "GRIDIRON."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, ON BOARD THE "PRINCE GEORGE."

The "Gridiron" is considered by Naval authorities to be the most dangerous evolution in steam tactics. The ships, in one column, pass each other at two cables' distance and sometimes less. This evolution took place off Tory Island, the scene of the wreck of the "Wasp."



“THE HERD”

BY SHAN F. BYLLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNNING KING.

THE Master turned in from the road; skirted the Round Hill; picked his way through a trampled gap, up a winding path, and coming to the crest of a slope, there paused, turned, and stood sweeping the land with a long steady gaze. The fields were empty, heavy, and soaked to the lip. Not a beast moved within eye-shot, not a bird in a quickset; everything lay fallow, dreary, dead—the fields, hills, hedges, the grass, the trees, the houses even, all lay in the sunshine, scattered broad over the countryside, dead and waiting for the spring. The spring? Ah, yes; for the blessed spring, thought the Master; then turned and went on through the rushes, and came to the cottage of Jordan the herd.

A long, low house it was, built of stone, whitewashed to the eaves and thatched with rushes. Nakedly it stood upon the field, a lean-to at this end, a pig-crow at that, in front a narrow street, noisome, and sprinkled with starveling fowls. Not a shrub was there or plant, not a rag behind the windows, not a step at the threshold; nothing anywhere but the chimney reek and the chickens in the mud to show that anything but beasts of the field had here found a home. Nothing but these, and a very human sound of squalling that came with the smoke out through the doorway.

Sniffing and frowning, the Master crossed the street; came to the doorway, and raised his voice. “Anyone at home?” he shouted. No answer came, none but a sudden hush within, and a clatter among the stools. The Master came nearer, peered between the doorposts, called again. “Are you there, Henry? Are you at home, Ellen?”

Still no answer; then, in a minute, the soft fall of bare feet on the clay floor, a quick parting of the smoke curtain, and there on the threshold, bare-legged and bare-armed, hair in wisps, face pale and worn, in her arms a baby, beside her and clutching at her tattered cotton skirt a flock of children, stood the figure of a girl. Not a word she said, not a sound came from the children; as if by magic the group appeared from the smoke and stood motionless there by the threshold.

The Master looked at them sideways under his bushy eyebrows; then grunted and nodded at the girl.

“Oh, it’s you, Jinny?” said he.

“Yes, Sir.” The girl’s voice was soft, very timorous.

“You’re not at school, then, to-day?”

“No, Sir.”

“And why not?”

“I—I—Please, Sir, I had to mind the childer.”

The Master grunted again, looked towards the fields; caught his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and turned again to Jinny.

“I know,” he said. “And where’s your father?”

“Please, Sir, gone across the land with the billhook.”

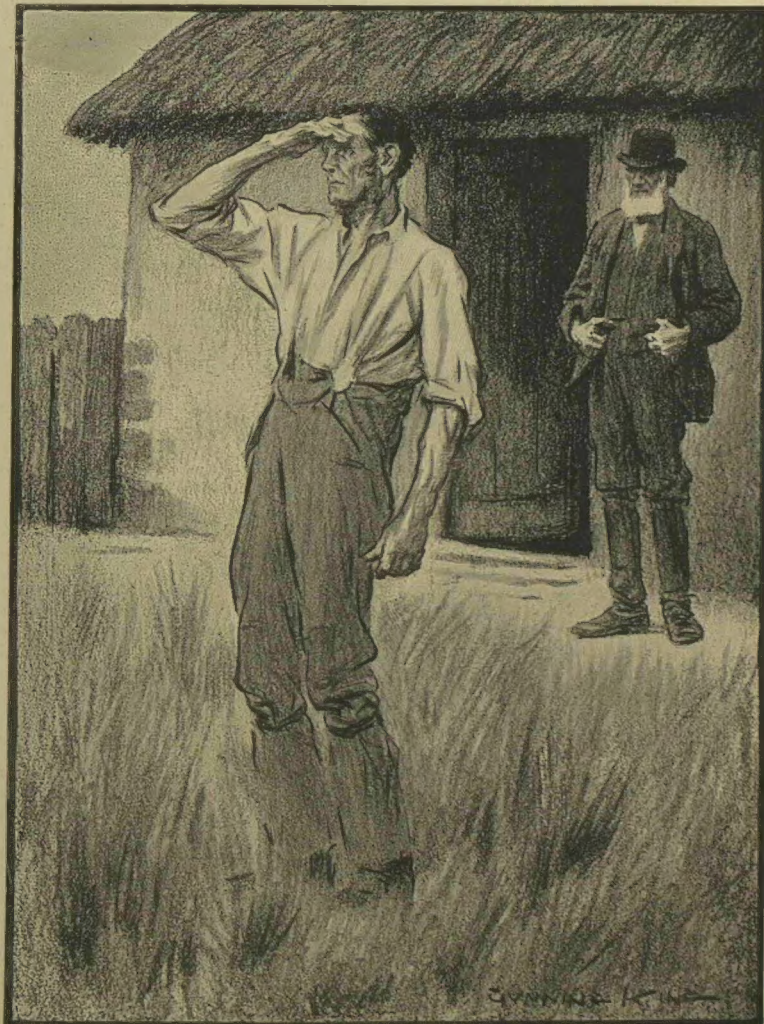
“I know. And where’s your mother, Jinny?” asked the Master, looking full at the girl, both voice and manner quick and curt with meaning. The girl’s eyes fell. She shifted the baby from this arm to that; flushed; looked up. “Gone to town,” she answered haltingly, as from the verge of tears. “She’s—she’s gone to town.”

The Master nodded. A grim look came to his face; his eyes grew stern. “To town,” said he; and again, through his teeth, “to town!” Then, with a glance at the girl, “And you’re left here by yourself, Jinny? Left to mind the children?”

She shrank back a step into the curtain of smoke, and the flock of solemn-eyed, clutching children with her; shrank back, softly and silently, with the babbling baby, into the blue depths of the smoke. And as she went the curtain closed, her face went out, and her voice came murmuring. “Ah, yes, Sir,” it came; “ah, yes. But sure—sure—”

The Master buttoned his coat, bent his head, and entered the cabin. Before him the children scattered back, like rabbits from a keeper, and went scuttling through the pots and pans, the baskets and stools, which

cumbered the floor. Jinny turned and ran, laid the baby in a box that stood in a corner, snatched up a chair, wiped it with a corner of her skirt and placed it by the hearth. Peering here and there through the drifting smoke—at the litter of a dresser, the chaos of a table—his head almost touching the rafters, his bigness looming



“Ay,” he said, and shaded his eyes, and looked steadily across the lake towards Gorteen.

giant-like in the little room, his feet wandering uncertainly over the floor, the Master crossed the kitchen, turned on the hearth and stood with his back to the pots and the fire, face towards Jinny and the chair.

"No, no," he said, with a wave of his hand, "I won't be sitting, Jinny. I want to— When did she go?" he asked.

"Is it mother, Sir?"

"Yes."

"'Twas—" Jinny hesitated; moved away a little; stood fidgeting with her skirt. "'Twas a good while ago—after breakfast-time—'bout ten o'clock, mebbe."

"Yes?" The Master pulled up the chair, sat down with his arms resting on its back and his cheek in his hand. "Don't be afraid, Jinny," he said, softening his voice. "Come, be a woman! And how did she go?" he went on as Jinny looked up.

"Oa Bredin's jennet an' cart, Sir."

"I see." The Master paused a moment. "And she went by herself, Jinny?"

"No—no, Sir."

"Oh! How's that?" The Master's tone of surprise seemed forced. "Who was it went with her, Jinny?"

"Please, Sir—" Jinny stopped. A minute of silence fell. Not a sound came from the scattered children, cowering somewhere back in nooks and corners, not a whimper from the baby in its box. "Please, Sir—" She stopped again.

"Yes, Jinny. . . . Well? . . . Tell me, Jinny. . . . Was it anyone I know?"

"Yis—yis, Sir." A pause. "'Twas—" Another pause; then suddenly: "'Twas Black Ned from beyond the lough." And at that Jinny put face in hands and fell to sobbing.

The Master sat gripping his beard and looking sternly towards the doorway. He had heard only what he had expected to hear; still—"The hussy!" he muttered to himself. "Oh, the jade! How could she? What kind was she? Oh, the devil!" muttered the Master; then turned quickly to Jinny. "But what's this?" he said. "What's this I hear? Come over to me, Jinny. What are you crying about?" asked the Master, and took the child by an arm. "What is there to cry about? Your mother will be back, you know. Maybe she's nearly back now. . . ."

"It's not that," sobbed Jinny. "Oh, it's not that!"

"Then—then what, Jinny? Tell me."

"What brings him here?" cried the child. "What does he want? He's—he's always here. Couldn't he leave us alone. Ah, I hate him—I hate him," cried Jinny through her sobs. "I hate the face of him—an' the sight of him—an' the voice of him. I dunno—I dunno what it is; but— Ah, he means no good. I know it, I know it," sobbed Jinny; nor could the Master, sitting there in his wisdom, give back to the child so much as a word. "The hussy," was all he could say; "oh, the devil!" And so silence fell.

Presently, from the corners came a sound of stifled sobbing, from the box a voice that waxed swiftly to clamour and fury. Jinny ceased sobbing, and stood looking at her hands; the Master woke suddenly to a perception of things, pushed back his hat, and rose.

"Heigho!" he sighed; then stepped from the hearth. "What's all this I hear, boys?" he called cheerily towards the nooks and corners. "Come, come—that's a poor noise to be making. Jinny's not crying—are you, Jinny?" He took her by the arm, led her to the doorway, and turned her face to his. "Never mind," he said; "be brave, Jinny. Do the best you can. Your mother will be home soon—if I meet her I'll hurry her. She must go to town sometimes, you know. . . . Anyhow, don't fret; and come up to Emo one of these days for an old dress or something I heard the Mistress talking about. Come, now—cheer up—and away in like a girl and see to the baby. Run, now."

"I will, Sir—I will."

"That's a girl." And the Master went.

Turning away towards the lake, he went through the fields, over the Round Hill, across a footstick, and striking the Curleck road, made towards Emo. His feet dragged heavily, his eyes sought the road. "The jade," he muttered at times; and again, "the hussy!" and again, "God help them all!" Very busy were his thoughts: but not now did they turn to work, or cattle, or the coming of spring.

Right at foot of the hill, where the road curves away from the river, sights the willows, and makes straight for the Currach bridge; just there the Master stopped, raised his head and stood listening—with hands clasped behind him, shoulders slack, and head twisted from the river, stood listening to an irregular thud of chopping, broken and smothered by a sullen roar of coughing, that came to him across the hedge. A minute he stood in the roadway, motionless and hearkening; then, groaning aloud as if in pain, mounted the ditch, put hands round mouth and shouted into the wind.

"Henry—Henry!" The sound of chopping ceased. "Henry—Henry!" The roar of coughing came clearer. With head bent to the wind, the Master stood on the ditch steadily eyeing the figure that came towards him across the grass.

A man of about forty-five he was, big of bones and bely, but woefully meagre of flesh, his eyes burning bright, face

brick-red, a tatter of whiskers on his cheeks and iron-grey stubble on his chin. He wore cords, old and patched, a sleeved moleskin waistcoat and a brown felt hat; from knee to boot his legs were wound about with ropes twisted from hay, round his neck was a long woollen muffler; his hands were chapped and scratched, his lips were blue and dry, through the open front of his cotton shirt you had sight of his naked chest. Slowly, awkwardly, one foot listlessly dragging after the other, this long arm swinging by his side, the other curled round the haft of a billhook, he came along the hillside; stopped before the Master and raised his eyes.

"Good evenin'," he said with a nod. "It's brave weather."

"It is, Henry," answered the Master. "What are you doing over there?"

"I was hedgin'," came back, slowly, gruffly; "clearin' the briars. The ditch was choked," said the man after a pause; and again, "I wanted somethin' for the fire." He let the billhook slide through his arm, fixed the blade between his feet, leant his chest upon the haft, and stood looking at the grass.

"Briars make bad firing, Henry," said the Master, looking towards the little pile of bramble that lay by a ditch out in the field.

"The worst," came back. "But they're better than nothin'."

"No turf, Henry?"

"Next to none."

"No sticks?"

"Sorrow a stick."

The man's manner was listless, slow, weary. He spoke with an effort, wasting not a word. His gaze across the field was bovine in its steady contemplativeness. From time to time he shook from head to heel with a paroxysm of coughing.

"Can you do nothing for that, Henry?" asked the Master at last, with a jerk of his head and a look at the heaving chest.

"I've tried everything."

"Been to the doctor lately?"

"I have."

"Well?"

"He said I'd make a fine ould man with a new pair o' bellows in me."

"Ah!" The Master pursed his lips, shook his head, looked away. "Wouldn't it be wise, Henry, to get a button on that shirt and wear a coat?"

"I dunno; mebbe it might."

Nothing seemed of interest to the man. He stood there leaning on his billhook, just answering and coughing, waiting seemingly for nothing in the world but word to go.

"I've been beyond at the house, Henry," said the Master again. "I wanted to see you."

"Yis."

"I—I suppose the cattle are thriving?"

"They're doin' well—all but that red heifer. She's only donny."

"I know. And—I must come to see her. Yes." Somehow the Master seemed ill at ease. He had the air of one who beats about the bush. Then Henry turned.

"Ye say ye didn't see her when ye were over?" he questioned wonderingly. "Ye passed them by an' niver looked at them?"

The Master stood accused. Never before in his life had he passed through Kilfad and not taken stock of all that lived upon it.

"I did," he answered. "I—I forgot. But—" He paused; then plunged. "Do you think it's wise, Henry, to leave those children over there by themselves—there with Jinny? Something might happen to them."

Henry pondered, still leaning upon the bill-haft.

"There might," he said, with a jerk of his head. "An' there mightn't," he added slowly.

"The children were crying, Henry," the Master continued, probing cautiously and watchfully. "Jinny came when I called. I went in." He stopped. Henry nodded, coughed, kept silent. "There was no one there but Jinny," said the Master. Henry stood gazing impassively at the hillside. The Master was foiled. "I suppose Ellen was out looking for firing?" he said, casually and with a smack of the ironical.

Again Henry nodded, pondered, spoke. "Mebbe she was," said he.

"Or gone fishing, Henry?"

"Ay, indeed."

"Or gone in Bredin's cart to town?"

"Mebbe so," came back—that and not another word.

The Master wheeled away with a laugh, and stood looking out across the big meadow towards Bilboa. He felt beaten, thwarted, puzzled. As well might he have talked to the ditch, or shouted at the Crochan there beyond the river. He had tried hints, insinuations; had been gentle, sympathetic, rough in the end, and plain as a pikestaff; and all without avail. Nothing could touch the man. He was like wood. Something—trouble, or pain, or mortal sickness—had laid callous grip upon him, had changed and left him grim, imperturbable as a stricken tree. Had he feelings? Did he think? Did he know? Did he care for his children; had he fear for himself; did it matter to him a straw that Ellen, his wife, had gone

elsewhere than for firing? Did he know, or was he ignorant, or had sickness numbed him, or was he only hiding behind this mask of indifference? The Master was puzzled. What was he to do, or say, or think? asked he of himself; and in answer found a great pity swell in his heart, rise, and go out rushing towards this battered figure of a man. Pity? Oh, surely a dog must have given him that!

"Henry, Henry," cried the Master, "go home to your bed. Man, you're not fit to be out! Go home, and let Jinny give you something to eat, and get to your bed. . . . I'll send you something. I'll send for the doctor. . . ."

Henry turned his eyes—slowly, almost contemptuously. "I want no doctor," he said. "There's nothin' aillin' me—nothin' but a bit of a cold."

"Well, go home then to the fire," pleaded the Master.

"Do, Henry, like a man."

"I'm goin'," said Henry, and straightened his back and pulled his hook from the clay and stepped for his ditch; "I'm goin' when I'm finished. Yis."

II.

The Master left the ditch and took again to the road. Soberly he trudged along, nor lifted his eyes from the stones at his feet. The day kept good, wind sporting, clouds speeding gaily, the sun flashing fitfully as he fell for the mountain; but in the day or its beauties the Master had no pleasure, had not even an eye, right or left across the willows, for the wide-spreading fields. Not often before in broad day had he walked blindly from Kilfad Gate to the Currach bridge; never before, maybe, walked in greater turmoil of mind. He felt anxious, distressed; a hand of gloom was between him and the sun; he had a sense of foreboding; always before him, there between the ruts at his feet, stood that weary figure of a man, that unfortunate of a Henry. . . . The poor life-crushed creature! Surely life was for him a pitiless burden; death the sweetest mercy he might implore? Death—death—death? Was it coming—coming quick with the fathering months? . . . The unfortunate of a man! Something must be done for him; something for those helpless children, that weary drudge of a Jinny. Something—but what? Something—but how? Help might be given them, bread, clothing, fire; but who might save them from themselves, their fate, their shame—the shame wrought by that—? "Oh, the jade," cried the Master within himself; "the jade!" Why had he not long ago driven her from the land, hunted her out to seek her kind? She was a disgrace. The countryside reeked of the scandal of her doings. Her name was a byword in the land, herself a pollution. And in his land—his! Oh, but this must end it, cried the Master, this day must end it all; then, in a flare of indignation, rounded a bend of the road, faced Emo Hill . . . and there was the woman herself. And with her the man her companion.

In a narrow red and blue cart, drawn by a jennet, they came slowly down; the man driving, the woman seated by him on a plank that stretched across from edge to edge of the sideboards. The woman wore a brown shawl, black dress, large straw bonnet with long strings and a single blue flower; her face was large, heavy, flushed, with a low forehead and thick loose lips. The man was dressed in faded trousers and waistcoat, dark blue coat, brown hat and faded black and white necktie; he had a bad face, square, lowering, with narrow eyes that gleamed viciously. Both sat crouched over their knees, heads and hands forward, their bodies swaying in and out as the cart jolted. Straight before them they stared with beady eyes. They looked sullen, dissipated. Not a word passed between them. At sight of the Master coming uphill they sat upright; the woman with hands spread on her knees and lips a-quiver, the man plucking viciously at the reins and prodding the jennet with a stick. "Gwan," he shouted, with a prod; "gwan to blazes out o' that!"

The Master's first impulse counselled his standing aside to let them pass; his second, born at closer sight of their faces, drove him to the middle of the road and left him standing there, legs spraddled, jaw set, thumbs hooked in the armholes of his waistcoat.

"Gwan," shouted the man, with a slash and an oath; "gwan to blazes out o' that!"; then, to the Master, "Is it run over ye want to be? Stan' aside, then, or be the holy—!"

The Master stood firm; raised a hand. "Stop," he called. The cart came on. "Stop," shouted the Master; "stop, I say!" The man glared at him; then rose to his feet, storming and cursing.

"Stop," he roared; "ye tell me to stop! Who are you? Ye ugly haval, ye!" The woman pulled at his coat-tails, crying him to be quiet. He turned upon her, his arm crooked as if to strike, his jaw set brutally. "You—you!" he shouted; then, turning suddenly, and with a storm of oaths, drew himself up, and with all his strength smote the jennet twice across its back. The animal started, jumped; plunged forward. Just in time the Master sprang aside. "Whirroo—whirroo," roared the man, with a skirl and a twirl. The woman cried, pleaded, caught at his arms; the cart swerved, went clattering down the hill, swaying this side, jolting that, missing destruction at times by inches; so whirled round the corner, into the plantation, and was gone. And the last

sight of it the Master had showed the man reeling forward, and the woman clutching at him with outstretched arms.

Awile he stood on the wayside, rigid and quiet, with eyes looking steadily downhill; then, a sudden passion of anger rising within him, stepped out upon the road, and went striding after the cart. "That's it," he said; "that's it. Oh, I'll show them! They dare—they dare! Oh, I'll teach them! . . . Out she goes—out she goes if I have to clear the house. The hussy! The jade! . . . If I can only come upon them; if I can only find that scoundrel in the house!" cried the Master, and strode blindly between the willows. He was very wroth, his face was aflame, his hands hung clenched. To be scorned, insulted on his own roadway, spurned by carrion like that! Oh, he'd teach them a lesson for evermore. . . .

He saw the cart turn in from the road and go clanking slowly across the rushy field, the woman still seated upon it, the man walking by the donkey's head; saw it come to the trampled gap, saw the man flounder and fall, rise and fall; and seeing that the Master's anger cooled suddenly, and he stopped, bent his head, and stood considering. This was a foolish business, he told himself; he was only wasting good breath and anger in chasing the wind. The man was drunk; the woman was drunk; she had tried

again on the hillside and gravely eyed him beneath his hat-brim. "I want to see you moving."

"But sure—"

"I want no more words. I want you to be a man. Come," ordered the Master, "take your billhook and go!"

And, without a word, Henry turned, gave his bundle a hoist, tucked his billhook under his arm, and went trudging downhill towards home.

III.

That night went, and the next day, another came and brought no sign; it was in the evening of that third day, the pitiless scourge of the rain having at last gone flying before the onset of the sun, that the Master—now fallen somewhat anxious and curious not a little—turned once more from Emo gates and went down the Clackan road towards Kilfad. The road was deep. The hedges stood drenched and whipped upon the ditches, a diamond drop glistening on every thorn. Naked and gaunt rose the trees from rain-blanching fields—fields all sodden and dank, the grass upon them blue and beaten, the rushes drooping wearily. The hills shone, the valleys smoked in the sunshine, the lake glistened; over there, not a mile away you might think, stood the mountain, its face bright with a promise of coming rain. Rain? It was

spring altogether hopeless. For Henry's deeds, said he within himself, had not been desperate.

Presently the stools clattered back within, the children found their voices; across the floor Henry came clumping, and issued from the smoke. He was bareheaded. His shirt-sleeves were rolled to the elbows, neck and chest were bare. His trousers were strapped about his knees, his naked feet showed within his unlaced boots. There was an ugly cut upon his forehead; one eye was blacked; his face, neck, chest were scratched and bruised. He looked flushed and hot; a little ashamed of his appearance.

"Well, Henry."

"Good evenin', Sir."

"It's bad weather."

"The very worst."

"All well?"

"Ah, yis—everything, thank God."

All this was pure trifling, beating for the hare. The Master turned.

"How are you, Henry?"

"Aw, the best." Henry coughed. "Sure I can't complain."

"Well, you don't look the best." The Master eyed Henry's face and neck. "Has anything happened?"



He saw the cart turn in from the road and go clanking slowly across the rushy field.

"THE HERD."

to restrain the fellow; clearly, thought the Master, he had done wisely had he stepped aside and let them pass. Their business was none of his; they were hopeless and shameless: let them go, let them go. . . . But what of Henry? Of the children? Of little Jinny at home? Think of that child there in the smoke, shivering and hungering, waiting for she knows not what! Think of her feelings when she sees her mother stumble in, sees who is with her, sees them sit there all the evening, drinking and singing, fighting and . . . Oh, shame, shame, thought the Master; then passed the gateway and went up the fields, and came to Henry the herd, toiling patiently with his billhook on top of the hill. Not a moment did the Master waste.

"Look here, Henry," said he, catching him by the shoulder; "I told you to go home. Why haven't you gone? Come! No more nonsense; but go. Take up your bundle, I say, and go. You hear me?" said the Master, sternly and sharply.

Henry turned slowly. His eyes held a gleam of wonderment. "I do," he answered. "I do."

"Well, go then. And look here." The Master's voice took a less peremptory tone. "When you get home, do your duty. You hear me? Be a man, I say, and do your duty. You hear me?" said the Master, and swayed Henry to and fro.

"I do," came back. "I do, Sir."

"Then off with you! Here, take your bundle of sticks. And now your billhook—maybe you'll want it at home. Come, come," said the Master as Henry turned

always raining, thought the Master. Spring? It was never coming—never—never. Look at the fields, the road, the floods; see the horizon bursting with rain; look at the world lying there in the sun, drowned in the eternal deluge. Ah, it was weary and hopeless, thought the Master, heart-breaking and hopeless; so, that mood of gloom lying black upon him, went through the plantation, and between the willows, and across the rushy bottom, and down the slope along the path that led to the Jordans' cottage. And as he went, down beneath the burden of his gloom crept the haunting thought: What did Henry do? What did Henry do?

Nothing moved about the house; nothing but the smoke above the chimney and the fowls upon the street. The door was open; by the threshold stood a pot and basket; beneath the kitchen window Henry's billhook lay rusting on the chopping-block. The billhook! Hurriedly, and with something like dread on his heart, the Master scattered the chickens and strode for the door.

"Hullo. Anyone at home?" No answer. "Henry—Henry. Are you there, Henry?" Still no answer. The Master stepped to the doorway, stooped, peered through the smoke; saw, in a minute, Henry by the hearth and the children round him, and he feeding them from a pot with their supper of porridge and milk. And seeing him, the Master was glad; and he understood, and drew back, and waited patiently by the doorway, listening to the clink of spoon and bowl and idly watching the sky. Nor did the world seem altogether blank, as he stood there, nor the

"Ah, no!" Henry paused. "Ah, no," he said again; "sorrow a thing."

The Master stood looking towards Emo. Henry leant a shoulder against the door-post, and stood rubbing his chin. Neither spoke for a minute; then, said the Master—

"Is Ellen inside?"

"She's not."

"Where is she?"

"She's gone—gone to see someone."

Henry was lying; and the Master knew it. Why was he lying?

"I'm. I know." The Master paused. "What did you do the other day, Henry, when I sent you home?"

"Do?" Henry stared. "Do?" said he. "What would ye have me do?"

The Master looked narrowly at him; laughed; then stepped and brought the rusty billhook from the chopping-block.

"Look here, Henry," said he; "I sent you home with this and I told you to do your duty. Did you do it?" Still Henry stared. "Did you?" repeated the Master.

"What's that?" came back. "Do what?"

"Did you use this"—the Master raised the billhook—"on the man you found in there?" He nodded towards the doorway, waited a minute for Henry's answer; turned and stood the billhook by the wall. "You weren't man enough to do it, Henry, I'm thinking," he said, eyes turned and probing, hands weighing his coat-tails.

Henry stood deep in thought, stolid, inscrutable as ever; then raised his eyes.

"Naw," he said; "naw, I wasn't."

"And why weren't you, may I ask?"

"Why?" Again Henry pondered. "Is it bloody murder you'd have me doin'?"

The Master could but laugh. It seemed all so absurd. Was the man knave or fool? He wheeled round and faced him.

"Look here, Henry," said he, "I don't understand you. If you're not playing with me you're doing something worse. Answer me this: Wasn't there a man inside there on Monday when you came home? Wasn't there?"

"There was."

"And wasn't Ellen there?"

"She was."

"And they had whisky and were nearly drunk, and had just come from town?"

"Ay . . . yis . . . mebbe so."

"Well?" No answer. "Well, I say?" Still no answer. The Master stamped his foot. "Come," said he, "enough of this. You must speak. I tell you to speak. I want to know what happened—and what you did. Come, Sir!"

The words were masterful, not to be denied. Slowly Henry moved his shoulder from the doorpost, stepped upon the street, stood looking across the fields. The wind flapped his flimsy shirt, stirred his hair. In the clearer light, his face and neck showed thick with bruises.

"What is it I'm to say?" he asked, speaking slowly and plaintively, and without turning his head.

"Just the truth. Just what you saw—what happened."

"I know," Henry turned, walked along the street, stopped at the end of the house, with his face towards Emo. "It's the childer," he explained. "They seen enough; an' there's no use in them hearin' me." He stood blinking in the sunshine for a minute; then, abruptly and reluctantly, as one plunges when the water nips, began

"When I got this far, the jennet an' cart was standin' there on the street. There was nobody with it, an' no one about. I put down me billhook there on the block, takes me bundle, an' goes in. Well, things were stirrin'. The childer were bleartin'—Jinny was cryin'—Black Ned was sittin' be the fire, smokin' an' shoutin' at the childer—herself had her bonnet on her an' was gettin' tay. I takes no notice; but crosses an' throws me bundle in the corner, pulls over a stool an' sits down. 'Twas all I could do. What could I do? Sure, I was helpless. All I could manage was lift the child from the box an' try to quiet it. An' sure, th' others got quiet, too, when they seen me—an' Jinny came over an' took a stool beside me. So things weren't so bad—och, no. Only Ned was bleatherin'. He talked all kinds o' nonsense. He fair raved at times. . . ."

"About me, Henry?" asked the Master.

"Aw, it was. 'Twas foolishness. Sure, he'd been at the drink. No matter, any way." Henry pondered a while, moistened his lips, plunged again. "Herself didn't say much," he said, speaking very deliberately, and as one might speak with his face to the stars; "she was—she was busy gettin' tay. Ay. It was a big spread. I accuse Ned must ha' bought it all, else—ah, I accuse he must. There was bacon an' eggs on the pan; there was lashins o' tay; there was butter, an' white bread, an' a pot o' jam on the table—aw, there was plenty of iverything, an' all of the best. . . ."

"No whisky, Henry?"

"Ah, to be sure—a whole bottle o' John Jamison—a whole bottle. Ah, faith, I envied them that, so I did." Henry shook his head, smacked his lips; a wistful look gleamed in his eyes. He sighed; continued. "Well, all bein' ready, they drew up an' fell to—at the bacon an' eggs, an' the tay, and the white bread. . . ."

"And the whisky, Henry?"

"Ah, to be sure—to be sure. Is it leave that? . . . They set to, I'm tellin' ye, like a pair o' troopers—an' them laughin' all the time, an' singin' an' odd tune, an' turnin' now an' then to fling a word at meself. . . ."

"And you endured that, Henry?"

"Ah, to be sure." Slowly Henry made answer, as though he were speaking to the hedge, speaking of what hardly concerned him. "To be sure. What could I do? 'Twas the drink—'twas the drink. An' wasn't there the childer, any way? . . ."

"Yes—yes. And they gave you none of the feast, Henry?"

"Not a morsel."

"Nor the children?"

"Not a taste—aw, not a taste. An' sure I thought that hard, for the wee creatures needed it. Ay, they did. . . . Well, as I was tellin' ye, they ate an' drank an' sampled the whisky, an' had their diversion; an' after a while up Ned gets, an' makes for the fire an' falls; an' herself tries to help him up, an' falls; an' they begin to squabble, an'

the childer begins the cryin', an' Jinny catches howld o' me; an' there's a powerful whillaloo—chairs an' stools flyin', cans an' pots tumblin', the whole place in a ruction. Aw, 'twas a bad scene—so it was—'twas powerful bad. I niver seen a worse—niver in me born days. . . ."

"They fought, Henry?"

"Ay. Like divils. . . . 'Twas the drink."

"And you could do nothing?"

"What could I do? What could I do but save the childer from murder?"

"And then they made friends, Henry?"

"Ay. They did. They made it up an' got quiet again; an' after a while they went asleep, Ned lyin' on the table, herself wi' her head on a chair. I was glad o' that—sure I was—for the childer were hungry, the cratures, an' tired, an' dead wi' the sleep. So Jinny an' meself gives them a bite, an' takes them up to the room, an' puts them to bed, an' stops wi' them till they're asleep. I was glad o' that—yis, I was."

Henry stopped; drew his hand across his mouth; blinked slowly and gazed towards the Clackan Hills. He looked starved and haggard in the broad light of evening. He turned to speak; hesitated; looked away. Patiently the Master waited, standing there with a smile playing on his lips and an incredulous look in his eyes. But Henry kept silent. Then said the Master—

"Well, Henry?" And again. "Well, Henry—and then?"

"Aw, that's all—that's nearly all."

"No, Henry; there's more yet. Come, tell me."

"Ah, it's nothin'—it's nothin'. 'Twas me own fault. 'Twas the drink—ay, 'twas the drink." Henry seemed questing for excuses. "Ay, 'twas the drink," he

goes over an' lifts herself's head off the chair an' shakes her awake, an' tells her to rise an' come to her bed. An' she rises, an' looks at me, an' looks about her, an' goes up to the room, an' comes back, an', says she, 'Where's Ned?' 'He's gone home,' says I. 'Home?' says she, 'gone home?' An' what took him home? 'He went himself,' answers I; 'he fell off the table, an' got up an' went home of his own free will.' 'It's a lie!' shouts she, 'it's a lie!' an' wi' that flies into the ojupest tantrum ye iver seen. Ah, 'twas terrible bad. Niver before did I see her in the like. Ye could hear her a mile. An' there was the childer all awake an' roarin'—an' Jinny shiverin' be the dresser—an' herself ravin' at me, an' cursin', an' accusin' me o' sendin' Black Ned home. Ah, sirs, but drink's the curse—but it is. She went fair mad; an' at last she fell on me. She came at me like a tiger, an' hit me an' tore me, an'—an'—"

Henry paused; shook his head. "'Twas a sore case," he said, "'twas a sore case."

What could the Master think? Seldom had he been in such perplexity.

He could not fathom this puzzle of a man, could not decide whether he were deep or shallow, knave or fool. Did he know? Was he shielding her, hiding her sins beneath her faults, cloaking her enormities with his own weaknesses? Did he know? Or was he telling the truth—the truth, as he saw it, or chose to see it?

"Well?" said the Master. "Well, and what then, Henry?"

"Aw, she got tired at last," came back; "got tired at last—an' then she up an' puts on her bonnet, an' goes out, an' slams the dure, an' leaves us there."

"Yes?" The Master was watching Henry between half-closed eyelids. "Yes?" he said again.

"That's—that's all."

"All? All?" The Master shouted the word. . . . "But where did she go to?"

"I dunno," answered Henry deliberately, and kept his eyes steady on the distant hills.

"You don't know! . . . And you haven't heard from her? Haven't tried to find her?"

"Naw. Sure she'll come back herself; she'll be sorry an' come back."

What could the Master think, or say, or do? He laid a hand on the man's arm.

"Henry," he said, "answer me truthfully—do you know where she's gone to?"

Henry considered.

"Naw," he answered. "I wouldn't be sure. Mebbe it's to the brother's she's gone; mebbe it's to the cousin's, beyond in Gorteen. But what matter, anyhow? Sure she'll come back—she'll come back."

What could the Master think? Was the man telling the truth—the truth as he saw it, or chose to see it? Or was he lying to save her—to save the children—to—? Ah, what matter—what matter? Nothing mattered, in sight of the look of truth and innocence that lived on that haggard face.

"You think she will, Henry?" said the Master, his voice softening strangely. "You think so?"

"Think—Think!" Henry's face flashed round; his voice came sharp and irritable. "To be sure I do. Arrah, why not? What'd keep her away?" His voice swelled harshly; his manner quickened, and his face. "Sure 'twas only the drink an' a fit of temper. To be sure she'll come back, an' the childer here waitin' for her—an' the house—an' Jinny—an' an' . . . His voice softened—hesitated—drewled out.

"Yourself, Henry?"

"Ay, Aw ay. What's left o' meself." Henry turned, walked out among the rushes and stood looking across the lake. Over there in Gorteen dwelt his wife's cousin; there, too, her brother. Across there in Lackan, alone on the hillside, dwelt the man—poacher, jail-bird, blackguard—whose nickname was Black Ned. But it was always towards Gorteen that Henry looked—always and unflinchingly. "Ay," he said, and shaded his eyes, and looked steadily across the lake towards Gorteen; "what's left o' meself. Aw, to be sure she'll come—to be sure. . . ."

The Master dared not speak. He turned away and set out for home. And as he went, somehow life seemed bright with hope, the spring near and certain; and always, as he walked, had he clear vision of that battered figure standing there among the rushes, shading his eyes and watching anxiously for her who was sure to come.

THE END.

A CURIOUS GRAVING DOCK.

The new graving dock, opened at the Union Docks, Limehouse, last Saturday, is peculiarly interesting from the fact that in order to construct it the buried hulk of an old East Indiaman, called the *Canton*, had to be excavated and cleared away. In 1818, when Mr. Henry Fletcher was making arrangements for the building of the docks on their present site, he purchased the old East Indiaman, sunk her, erected gates at her stern, and made a unique dry dock which, until 1898, formed the third or lower dry dock.



THE OLD EAST INDIAMAN "CANTON," USED FOR SEVENTY YEARS AS A GRAVING DOCK AT LIMEHOUSE.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The National Portrait Gallery is so popular a haunt of Londoners and of visitors to London that, on general grounds, a little increase in the Treasury grant of £750 a year might well be made. But very particular reasons in addition have been adduced for such an increase at the present time. Three pictures—a portrait of Queen Victoria by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., and two portraits of Henrietta Maria, one by Daniel Mytens and the other attributed to Vandyck—have been offered for sale to the Gallery by the Marquis of Normanby. Portraits of the Queen are, of course, few and far between, and this particular portrait has the additional interest of having been presented by her Majesty to the Marchioness of Normanby, a former Lady of her Bedchamber. The price of fifteen hundred guineas asked for it does not seem excessive; and the desire of the National Portrait Gallery Trustees to possess it is all the greater inasmuch as the Gallery now holds only a water-colour copy, by an amateur, of von Angeli's Windsor portrait of the Queen, and a fragmentary model by the late Sir Edgar Boehm. Lord Peol, as Chairman of the Trustees, wrote with not unnatural confidence to the Treasury for a grant that would enable them to secure the coveted picture; but the reply came that no competition with the National Gallery could be allowed, and that the Portrait Gallery, in requiring canvases, should have regard "to the celebrity of the person rather than to the merits of the artist." That doctrine, plainly put, means that famous people need be represented in daubs only—a doctrine to be condemned.

girls to present living tableaux from Miss Charlotte Yonge's romances, including "The Little Duke" (of which the Bishop of Winchester remarked that no book he had read "had made such an impression on him"), "The Caged Lion," "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest," and "The Chaplet of Pearls." The hall was appropriately decorated with "Daisy Chains," and the authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe," was aptly presented by the youngest of the schoolgirls with a basket of flowers, conspicuous among them being "Daisies" and "Hearts-ease." Further contributions to the commemorative scholarship fund are needed, and will be gratefully received by E. Stuart, hon. secretary, Witham Close, Winchester.

I'Quobasimi, the eldest son of the ex-King of Benin, who fled after the Benin massacre, surrendered himself some little time ago to the Agent-General of the Royal Niger Company to be handed



I'QUOBASIMI, SON OF THE EX-KING OF BENIN, AND HIS TWO WIVES.

over to the British Government. He was taken by the Agent to Warri, where he was transferred to the custody of Mr. W. E. B. Copland Crawford, Government representative of the station. Our Illustration represents the chief with two of his wives.

That funerals are now "less awe-inspiring than they were" when Sir Dyce Duckworth was a boy may not seem an entirely bad thing to some people. But regretful was the general tone of the eminent physician's remarks at the meeting of the Church of England Reform Association at the Church House, Westminster, the other day; and, in particular, Sir Dyce expressed his abhorrence of "the excessive use of flowers." Any excess is bad, of course; but the word "excessive" in this case seems to beg the question. The gloom of funerals is a thing quite separable from the grief of mourners; and, despite the funeral reformers, gloom is not the most Christian sentiment about death, which in the Early Church was greeted as the welcome opener of the gates of life. Nor, if the offering of flowers is any source of comfort to mourners, can one see why so beautiful and symbolic a custom should be condemned as Pagan.

A resuscitation of the Rev. Robert Spalding, "Private Secretary," one more picture of a gushing spinster pining for marriage, a clergyman's change of clothes and places with a sporting friend, and consequent rough-and-tumble knockabout buffoonery—these time-worn provocatives of inane laughter make of themselves neither an acceptable farce nor an ideal July afternoon's entertainment. Yet here was all Mr. McClellan had to show at a recent Prince of Wales's *matinée* in the piece only too prophetically named, "What, More Trouble?" Feebly written, tediously worked out, and not too adequately acted by the author, Mr. McClellan, and the producer, Mr. Unwin, it is scarce likely the play will give anyone further trouble.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EASTBOURNE: THE CYCLE CLUB ARCH.

Bright with flowers in balconies, boasting handsome hotels, gay streets, and a magnificent marine parade, Eastbourne ranks as one of our foremost watering-places. We publish two Illustrations of the Prince of Wales's visit to Eastbourne, to which we alluded last week. On his arrival at the railway station his Royal Highness was welcomed by the Mayor, Alderman Keay, and thereupon proceeded to the residence of his host and hostess, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. The cycle club had erected an ingenious arch figured on this page. Eastbourne was *en fête* for the occasion, and was illuminated in the evening. On the Sunday of his visit the Prince of Wales attended a service for herdsmen in the Sussex Agricultural Society's Show-yard. The following day he visited the show, and was presented by a local flower-girl with a bouquet of pinks. The Prince watched the parade of cattle, and was informed that he had won the first prize for dexters. Before leaving Eastbourne in the afternoon, the Prince inspected the Eastbourne College Cadets, who were drawn up at the railway station.

Honoured with the friendship of the Queen, the Bishop of Winchester, it is fair to presume, spoke with the approval of her Majesty when he so deservedly praised the novels of Miss Charlotte Yonge on July 19 in the hall of Winchester High School. This estimable writer of pure fiction on that occasion received from the Bishop an illuminated address of warm appreciation of her works. In Miss Yonge's honour, he said, a fund is being raised to form a scholarship at the aforesaid school. The Bishop of Guildford added that £1890 had been already subscribed, and that the first scholarship would be competed for next year. It was a felicitous idea of the High School



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT EASTBOURNE: H.R.H. LEAVING THE STATION.

At Hampton Court Palace, in the well-known Queen Anne's Drawing-room, the removal of wall-paper, dust, and plaster has resulted in the discovery of some of the handiwork of Verrio, long concealed from view. Perhaps the scenes in which Queen Anne, and Queen Anne again,

Cambridge versus the Harvard and Yale sports a sort of semi-official notice was circulated to the effect that the male onlookers would be in good form if they attended in straw hats. Even the Prince of Wales has joined the rebellion; and the frock-coat was put aside for the

the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General to the Dominion, Mr. Tarte, Mr. Duffy, and Sir Sandford Fleming, becomes more frequent and establishes an interchange particularly useful at a time when there is undoubted stress in the relations between the Dominion and the United States. The goodwill proclaimed in America by those who favour an Anglo-American Alliance must in due time be exhibited towards Canadians as much as towards ourselves, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech upon the Alaskan Boundary question, and his allusions to the possibility of its settlement by only one of the two alternatives—arbitration or war—are to be deplored. The use of intemperate and blustering language by responsible Ministers should be condemned.

Like the merry monarch, the present theatrical season in London seems to have been an unconscionably long time dying, but the past fortnight may be said to have witnessed its demise. At the Lyceum, Sir Henry Irving, fresh from the distinction of Glasgow's academic honours, and ready for the triumphs of another Transatlantic tour, has been offering his final performances of Sardou's "Robespierre." At the Prince of Wales's this very evening, Mr. Martin Harvey, the Lyceum chief's young sub-altern for so many years, determines the run of that other drama of the Revolution. "The Only Way," and speaks for the last time as Sydney Carton that flashy bit of rhetoric which John Clayton's "Hugh Trevor" must ever endear to us. While at the Criterion Mr. Charles Wyndham, oblivious of his recent celebration of his Criterion management's "majority," reckless of the anti-climax involved in the commemoration of its decease, has just bowed himself out of his old home with a dolorous, memorable performance of "Rosemary," and a gracious little speech of remembrance. Our two great foreign players have now said "au revoir." Mr. Tree, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Alexander left town quite long ago. And Mr. Hare alone remains with us to continue the run of "The Gay Lord Quex," and to unite the seasons of 1899 and 1900.

Before September has numbered its days, quite a pro-Semitic movement will be proceeding on our stage. The Dreyfusard drama, "One of the Best," will be reproduced at the Princess's. The troublesome reign and miserable death of that wolfish Jew-baiter, King John, will be set forth at Her Majesty's; while at the Comedy, London, and at the Broadway, New York, a Dutch play, called "The Ghetto," will be delighting patriotic Hebrews on both sides of the Atlantic. In the English production of "The Ghetto," the Christian heroine will be Mrs. Brown-Potter; and the young Jew hero will be Mr. Kyrle Bellew.



Photo. Kirk, New Malden.

THE WALL PICTURES RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT HAMPTON COURT: ALLEGORICAL NAVAL SUBJECT.

and always Queen Anne, figured gloriously as ruler of the sea in the four quarters of the globe got a little monotonous to Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., and gave upon her nerves. Anyhow, about the year 1735, she is supposed to have covered up with green—jealous green—damask these fine examples of the great decorative painter's skill; and then, when the silk was faded in 1833 it was pulled down and a wall-paper put in its place by happy-go-lucky workmen who did not so much as suspect that below the dirty surface were Verrio's designs. Lord Bisher and his staff to-day have been more fortunate. In one panel you have Queen Anne on a throne meting out justice, assisted by Hercules, who crushes the serpent, and by warriors who cast out evil-doers, while natives representing every corner of the earth do homage to her Britannic Majesty. In another panel is shown Prince George of Denmark, as the husband of Queen Anne, armoured and bewigged, with royal robes and a plumed helmet that lies on the table near a crown. With a bâton he points to what was already England's glory—her fleet. Of this panel we give an engraving, which shows not only its subject, but its excellent state of preservation. We reproduce also the opposite panel, depicting a Cupid drawn in Neptune's car by sea-horses, with nymphs to lead them. The outriders are men mounted upon dolphins, with conch-shells for trumpets; and in the background again is seen the fleet, scores on scores of three-deckers in the order of review. The letters A. R., painted in flowers above the ships, are, of course, the monogram of the Queen.

The fine etchings of Mr. E. Piper, R.P.E., stamp with durable value the serial work on "The Church Towers of Somerset," with descriptive text by Mr. J. Lloyd Warden Page. Parts X., XI., and XII. sustain the interest of this publication, admirably produced by Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol.

The wig may be very becoming on the Bench and at the Bar, but it cannot be called cool. It is dignified, but it is drenchingly hot. However, comfort is not always the first consideration even with the sex that is not called vain; and on the hottest of the days lately experienced barristers did not always avail themselves of the invitation of the Judges to doff their heavy headgear. Out of doors the top-hat has fallen into frank disfavour, and for the Oxford and

morning-coat by his Royal Highness on the occasion of several of the dying season's out-door festivities.

Canada is beginning to "place" herself. London, by its cheers when Sir Wilfrid Laurier drove at the head of the Premiers in the Queen's Jubilee procession, showed one of the several interesting preferences discovered by that pageant. Nevertheless, distance, and an exaggerated idea of the differences of climate, have raised imaginary barriers between Canada and the Motherland which a truer estimate of facts is only now beginning to remove. The penny post is with us; and the establishment of a swift mail and passenger service between the two shores is now under immediate consideration. The presence of Canadian Ministers and politicians in London, men like



Photo. Kirk, New Malden.

THE HIDDEN PICTURES, NOW RESTORED, AT HAMPTON COURT: ALLEGORICAL PORTRAIT OF PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.



At the annual general meeting of the Palestine Exploration Fund, Major-General Sir Charles Wilson gave an account of a journey lately made by him through Moab, Edom, and Petra. The lecture was illustrated with lantern-slides, and we are indebted to the Palestine Exploration Fund for the use of some of the subjects that were shown. Sir Charles, when a young Engineer officer, was one of the early explorers for the Fund, and made the first authentic plan of Jerusalem, including the Harâm es Shereef, or the Temple inclosure; and he is now one of our best authorities on the archaeology, not only of the Holy Land, but of the whole region included under the term Asia Minor. On the occasion of his late journey the route was over the Jordan, and then going south through Moab, on the eastern side of the Dead Sea, to Kerak. From that to Edom, including a visit to Petra and Mount Hor, where he saw the tomb of Aaron. The wonderful collection of temples and tombs excavated from the living rock at Petra is always a surprise to the traveller—like Inkerman, it is a perfect "city of caverns." Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the lecture of Sir Charles was his account of the change which is taking place in Palestine. He is able to contrast the state of the country with his knowledge of it in former years.

Visitors had always a difficulty in believing that such a bare, stony region could ever have had the reputation of being a land flowing with "milk and honey." That is exactly what it is now becoming. The expulsion of the Jews from Russia and other places has led to colonies of them being formed in the Holy Land, where they have become cultivators, and in many places, particularly in the Jordan



KHASHEH PHAR'AUN, PHARAOH'S TREASURY, ROCK-CUT, AT PETRA.

Tunny-fish, if it is a rather neglected fish in England, has in Portugal the glory of being made a subject of special study by the King. Though sold in England mostly in small tins, the tunny, when alive and swimming, is a large fish, one of the largest in sea-waters, averaging ten feet in length. The King of Portugal has just issued an illustrated monograph on the tunny fisheries in Portuguese waters, the results of investigations he has personally made from his yacht, the *Amelia*, which has a fine library and laboratory of its own.

The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has had a busy year. It has investigated over twenty-eight thousand cases of improper treatment involving the well-being of more than seventy-five thousand children. First "warnings" were found sufficient in a great majority of cases, but nearly three thousand offenders had eventually to be prosecuted. The income from all sources amounted to £51,319, as against £47,917 of the year before—a result which, after the unwarranted assaults made on the Society, must be particularly gratifying to the committee and to the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.

The battle of the styles in architecture can never abate, and no Czar, however sanguine, could hope for the success of a Peace Conference of men representing different schools of design. Nothing but reasonable language, however, is employed in the memorial drawn up for presentation to the Government in favour of a reconsideration of the plans for the new War Office. As that building is to be erected on the site once intended for the Whitehall



KERAK, THE WESTERN TOWER.



THE DEIR OR CONVENT, ROCK-CUT, AT PETRA.

Valley, the ground is covered with crops of all kinds; fruits, including the vine, are also being produced. This change is so great that Sir Charles expressed his astonishment at what had already been accomplished. The land must be fertile, and capable of producing food: that was its character in ancient times; and the architectural remains, such as those at Petra, or the numerous great fortresses of which the ruins at Kerak are an example, are in themselves evidence of a larger population and greater productiveness than what is required by a few prowling Bedouins and robber chiefs who have so long infested the country.

It is not so long ago that Canon Tristram was made a prisoner at Kerak—Dr. Ginsburg also had a similar experience—by a band of ruffians, and it is hard to tell what were the dangers they managed to escape from, where all law and order were set at defiance. Now, Sir Charles said, the traveller may pass over all that region in perfect peace and safety. There is a tale that used to be told in Jerusalem—it is probably mythic, but still characteristic of the period—of a gentleman who was rash enough to cross over to the eastern side of the Jordan all by himself. A day or so afterwards he turned up at Jerusalem with nothing on him but his spectacles and the *Times* newspaper. It may be added here that the Society is at present in some difficulty about the means of carrying on the explorations by Dr. Bliss and Mr. Macalister at Tell-es-Safi. Money is much wanted, or the work may have to be stopped. The mound at Tell-es-Safi is supposed to be the site of Gath, and its identification, which can only be accomplished by excavating, would be an important point gained in reference to Scriptural topography.



MOUNT HOR.

Palace—of which the Banqueting Hall alone was built—a natural wish has been expressed that the original design of Inigo Jones may be adopted and adapted to the requirements of the new War Office. The name of the Duke of Abercorn heads the list of the petitioners, which closes with that of the Marquis of Lorne.

That man in his struggle with the elements has been too easily beaten in the past is a common opinion. It is shared, apparently, by some Paris friends of one of the victims of the *Bourgeoisie* disaster, and they have offered accordingly the sum of £6000 as a reward for anyone who will give an impetus to the discovery of life-saving apparatus.

The distinctions of sex among smokers may be gradually disappearing, especially in London. Cigarette-cases are to be found very commonly among the personal possessions of ladies, married and unmarried, of the leisured classes; and girls who work at professions generally find that the nerves are soothed by a moderate use of tobacco. Ladies still smoke mostly in private, however, or only at rather intimate parties, or on lawns of clubs that have a little innocent Bohemianism as their hall-mark. According to Lady Jeune, however, the female smoker is entering upon a more public phase of her career. In the last few weeks she has seen in the Strand a young and pretty woman smoking a cigarette, and in Richmond Park another woman smoking a cigar, both of them passing almost unremarked. Either Lady Jeune has quicker eyes than most of us, or she has been specially fortunate in her encounters with phenomena not at all familiar to her fellow-citizens.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN ATHLETES AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

The International Athletic Meeting at Queen's Club last Saturday between Harvard and Yale and Oxford and Cambridge Universities is to be regarded as a complete success. The weather, although warm, was still tempered



THE HALF-MILE: THE FIRST LAP.

by a breeze that enabled the competitors to do their training full justice. The company assembled was large and distinguished, and the presence of the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York lent it especial *éclat*. From start to finish the interest of the meeting never



H. E. GRAHAM (CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE HALF-MILE.

of Yale, being third. Blount got first away, and at half distance was leading, when Thomas closed up, and at twenty yards from the finish was ahead, but Quinlan came along with a rush and won by half a yard. Hunter, of Trinity College, captured the one-mile race from A. L. Danson, of Balliol. The Cambridge man was very strong all the way, and never left the result in any doubt.

The 120-yards hurdle race fell to Fox, of Harvard, and was followed by the half-mile race, in which a Cantab, Graham, of Jesus, was declared victor. Davison, of Cambridge, won the quarter-mile; Boardman, of Yale,

together, the Americans, Palmer of Yale, Clarke of Harvard, and Foote of Harvard, keeping behind. After a mile and two laps, Smith dropped out. Before the two miles, Clarke fell exhausted. Wilberforce shortly after



SECOND LAP IN THE MILE.

stopped from a similar cause, and the event lay between Workman and Palmer. Now one and now the other came to the front, the distance between the two never exceeding a couple of yards. On entering the last lap, Workman sprinted strongly and Palmer could not respond. The



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY.

flagged, and, indeed, continued to rise until the last event was lost and won.

The first event was the long jump, which was won by Vassall, of Oriel, with 23 ft., against Daly, of Harvard, 22 ft. 3 in. This triumph for the home competitors

and Fisher, of Yale, being second and third respectively. The winner finished in admirable style, coming in easily by five yards. The high jump fell to Harvard, Rice clearing 6 ft., against Adair, of Oriel's, 5 ft. 11 in.

The last event was the three-mile race, which decided the issue of the whole contest, and which, fortunately enough for those who love an exciting finish, was not determined until the final lap. For nearly two miles Workman of Pembroke, Cambridge, Wilberforce of Christ Church, and Smith of Magdalen, Oxford, ran close

Cantab then drew right away, and came in winner by over 100 yards. Foote, while struggling along 300 yards to the rear, was overwhelmed by the crowd breaking in upon the track, and probably did not finish in the strict letter of the law. Technically, however, he was regarded as having



F. B. FOX (HARVARD) WINS THE HURDLE RACE.



J. S. QUINLAN (HARVARD) WINNING THE 100 YARDS.

was followed by a victory for America, when Boal, of Harvard, was first in throwing the hammer. In this competition the British competitors did not attain a place higher than third. The 100-yards race fell to Quinlan, of Harvard, the second being Thomas, of Jesus, Blount,



G. C. VASSALL (OXFORD), WINNER OF THE LONG JUMP.



THE RACE FOR THE QUARTER-MILE.

finished, and was entitled to third place. Oxford and Cambridge won the contest by five events to four.

In the evening the Marquis of Granby entertained both teams at the Hôtel Cecil. The toast of "International Sport" was proposed by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador.



Princess Victoria of Wales.

Duchess of York.

The Prince of Wales.

Sir Dighton Probyn.

The Princess of Wales.

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL PENSION FUND FOR NURSES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: THE PRINCESS OF WALES PRESENTING CERTIFICATES.

EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE "BULLFINCH."

A disastrous explosion on board the torpedo-boat destroyer *Bullfinch* on July 21 resulted in the loss of eleven lives. Eight men were killed outright. The contractors, Messrs. Harle, of Hull, were still in charge of the vessel, which had arrived at Spithead to undergo the usual series of tests before being handed over to the Admiralty. Speed tests were made over the measured mile in Stokes Bay, and the engines were run at their fullest capacity, when, without warning, the explosion occurred, wrecking the engine-room and killing its occupants, mostly fitters in the employ of the contracting firm. The Queen telegraphed her sympathy, which was that of the whole nation, and which found further expressions in messages of condolence from the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The restoration of the *Petit Trianon*, which Louis XVI. presented to Marie Antoinette, is now in active progress. The village, it is interesting to remember, was the outcome of the love of nature which Rousseau recommended as something entirely new to an age lost in artificiality. When the ideal rustic settlement was projected, the painter Hubert Robert and the architect Mique were commissioned to carry out the work. Soon the beautiful glades of Trianon were dotted over with tiny thatched cottages, and to make the semblance of rusticity more complete, the designers added a little mill in which Louis XVI. played the miller. The Sunday balls which amused the Court just before the Revolution were held at Trianon. The village fell into decay, and has for years lain in ruins. Its revival at the present time is no doubt due to the approach of the Paris Exhibition. Thus does a business-like Republic turn the relics of an effete monarchy to practical account.

A bicycle gymkhana was held at Sheen House Club, East Sheen, on Saturday, July 22. About 500 members and friends were present. The lawn in front of the house was utilised for the first six events, and the remainder were contested in the centre of the cycle track. Three events in the programme call for special notice: a display of trick-

riding by Mr. Lloyd Driver; the swordsmanship of Mr. Smalley, of the East Surrey Regiment; and the musical ride, undertaken by sixteen ladies. The last occupied thirty minutes and was finished without a mistake.

An appeal is being made by the Bishop of London on behalf of that excellent institution, the Children's Country

THE MUSTER OF THE CREWS.

The earliest scene of the naval manoeuvres—the muster of the men who are to compose the crews of the vessels about to be commissioned—is probably as interesting and impressive a sight as the whole period of special training has to offer. Our Illustration shows the general muster at Portsmouth for the present year. Boards had been erected on the parade ground bearing the names of the ships, and upon these the men formed. They turned out at six in the morning, looking very trim and sailor-like in their clean white rig, torpedo men in blue serge guernsey and black trousers. When Captain Hammet and Commander Mundy appeared on the ground the roll-call began, and thereafter a brief inspection was held. At eight o'clock the bugle signalled for the departure, and to the drums and fife of the *dépôt* the men marched off, the crews of the most distant ships—the *Europa* and *Gladiator*—going first. They were followed by the men for the *Naiad*, *Latona*, *Sybil*, and *Mercury*, the rear being brought up by the ships' company of the *St. George* and *Andromeda*. Kits were then shipped and stowed away below. Altogether, this

part of the manoeuvres, with its half military display, was a sight worth seeing. During the present manoeuvres, experiments are being carried on with wireless telegraphy. The *Juno* has spoken to the *Alexandra* quite easily over a distance of thirty miles.

The King of Saxony, whose fiftieth birthday fell on July 21, has been presented by the Emperor William with the Golden Crown Order "Pour le Mérite." The distinction, which is extremely rare, was accompanied by a congratulatory letter. Not content with this proof of his affectionate admiration, the Emperor William must needs supplement his letter with a telegram in which he said that his heart compelled him once again to express his heartiest congratulations. The telegram concluded with a prayer for the King's preservation.



Photo, Turner and Deinkwater, Hull

THE "BULLFINCH," ON BOARD WHICH THE FATAL EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE.

Holidays Fund, which at this season of the year has an especial claim upon our goodwill. A fresh-air fortnight for poor children was one of the happiest inspirations of modern philanthropy, and cannot be too warmly commended to the generosity of those to whom a holiday is easy. Preparations are now completed for sending more than 32 000 children to catch some little glimpse of green fields. The only thing wanting is, unfortunately, the sinews of war. Between £4000 and £5000, the Bishop says, must still be obtained, otherwise many of our little slum-dwellers must be disappointed. The trifling sum of thirteen shillings covers a fortnight's expenses in each case, and no one who has seen the improvement that the two weeks' change can effect will grudge to contribute at least a portion of the sum required to provide for one child. The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, will be glad to receive subscriptions.



Photo, Stephen Webb, Southern.

THE EARLY MORNING PARADE OF BLUEJACKETS FORMING THE PORTSMOUTH DÉPÔT: CAPTAIN HAMMET AND OFFICERS IN THE CENTRE.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: WITH THE DESTROYER FLOTILLA.



FLOTILLA OF TWENTY-NINE DESTROYERS LEAVING PORTSMOUTH TO JOIN THE FLEET.



PORTSMOUTH DIVISION OF THE DESTROYER FLOTILLA PRACTISING WITH THE SEARCH-LIGHT IN THE SOLENT.

WESLEYAN METHODISM.

BY A WESLEYAN MINISTER.

Public attention just now, owing to the Wesleyan Conference meeting in London, is being directed to Wesleyan Methodism as a religious movement.

It originated with John and Charles Wesley, two young brothers, sons of a Lincolnshire clergyman, the elder twenty-six, the younger twenty-two years old. Their childhood had been spent in a godly home under the most strict religious training; their boyhood in great public schools; their young manhood at our oldest University. They had received the highest culture which England could at that time afford. Their remarkable career began with devout and earnest Bible study.

Methodism as a religious movement grew out of a fresh, immediate, open-minded searching of the Scriptures. John Wesley himself states: "God raised up a few young men in the University of Oxford to testify those grand truths which were then little attended to—that without holiness no man can see the Lord; that this holiness is the work of God; that this holiness is the mind that was in Christ, enabling us to walk as He also walked."

These great truths they declared on all occasions, in private and in public. This was in 1729. During the next four or five years other gowmsmen joined them, till, in 1735, they numbered fourteen, and became commonly known at Oxford by the derisive terms "Methodists" and the "Holy Club." In 1739, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, and George Whitfield began what has rightly been termed "The Great Revival," which burst upon the country with the vividness of lightning. The doctrines which they preached were in the Prayer Book and the homilies of the Church of England all the time, but they came upon the English people like a new revelation. From the lips of these fervid evangelists the old truths broke forth with a fresh and electric potency that carried all before them.

Their zeal and spiritual success awoke opposition, and led to their exclusion from the churches, compelling them to become itinerants, preaching wherever they could in streets, fields, and commons. So widely did this religious movement spread that Wesley found himself compelled to take steps towards organisation.

The first Methodist society was formed in London in the latter end of the year 1739, and consisted of eight or ten persons. The movement, once commenced, rapidly spread. Societies were formed in Bristol, Kingswood, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and elsewhere. At Wesley's death, in 1791, there were associated with Methodism in this country 313 preachers, 119 circuits and mission stations, and 76,968 members. In the United States of America, 97 circuits, 198 preachers, and 43,265 members.

During Wesley's lifetime he exercised a patriarchal government over his "United Societies," as they were called. At his death this power was vested in the Conference by a legal document which he had previously had prepared, known as the "Deed of Declaration." The ecclesiastical assembly known as the "Conference" legally consists of one hundred ministers, but besides these, there are present other ministers, authorised by their synods to attend, who take part in the proceedings. Since 1878, for the transaction of financial business, there has been a representative session as well as a pastoral session. The former is being held this week, and consists of 480 ministers and laymen in equal numbers. This number is about to be increased to 600 by last week's action of the Conference.

At the beginning of the present century, the total membership in Great Britain was 90,619. Subsequent agitations and secessions led to the loss of tens of thousands of members. The last disruption was in 1849. The past half-century has been a period of growth and consolidation. The returns of church membership in Great Britain, to be officially presented next week, are as follows: 447,276 full members; 32,905 on probation, with 77,780 young persons in preparation for church membership. These returns show a net increase in church members of 5028 on the year. Under the direction of the Wesleyan Conference at home and abroad are 3112 ministers, with 683,650 church members, including probationers.

As showing the wonderful development of world-wide Methodism, the latest procurable returns give the following totals: 43,400 ministers, 101,643 lay preachers, 7,100,600 church members and probationers, 77,627 Sunday schools, 788,000 officers and teachers, 6,185,790 Sunday scholars, 76,821 churches, etc.; it is calculated that Methodism has 30,000,000 of adherents.

The present is, to use the legal term, the "One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth Yearly Conference of the People called Methodists." It is the thirty-third which has been held in London. The newly elected President is the Rev. Frederick W. Macdonald, whose portrait we gave a fortnight ago. He has not the striking personality of his predecessor, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes; nor does he possess the same amazing vigour, for everyone knows that the latter carries more pounds pressure of nervous energy to the square inch than any other Minister in Methodism.

Nevertheless, the Rev. Frederick W. Macdonald is in many respects a notable man; as such he was portrayed *The Illustrated London News*. The son and grandson of two famous Methodist preachers, he was born in 1842, and educated with a view to the legal profession. He entered the Wesleyan Ministry when a little over twenty years of age. For ten years he occupied the theological chair at Hardsworth College, Birmingham. He is now one of the General Missionary Secretaries.

The President is uncle to Rudyard Kipling, and brother-in-law to Sir Edward Poynter and to the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. His pleasing and rather handsome

countenance indicates him to be a man of generosity and shrewdness as well as talent. He has a fine mellifluous voice, speaks with fluency and force, his language being exceptionally chaste and impressive. Already he has produced a most favourable impression by his inaugural address and general conduct of the Conference business.

HISTORY IN BIOGRAPHY.

The "dead" season of the publishing world has been enlivened by the appearance within the last few days of a remarkable experiment in University history. Such works are too often the merest dry bones, but the present volume is vital with human interest. Mainly biographical in its plan, "Aurora Borealis Academica" seeks to reflect those "Northern Lights" that lightened Aberdeen University from 1860 to 1889, the twenty-nine years following the fusion of the independent Universities of Old and New Aberdeen into one teaching body. The period, which was the brightest, perhaps, that the University has known, is handled not in any detailed chronicle, but is suggested and illuminated by a series of "impressions" or "appreciations" (to borrow the slang of the studio-haunting literary of to-day) of the teachers who have filled the chairs in the University between the years in question. Best known, of course, outside the somewhat narrow circle in which they moved and worked are the names of Alexander Bain, his successor, William Minto, and of John Struthers. Of the schools, one philosophical, the other medical; one theoretical, the other practical, established by the first and last named, it were perhaps invidious to inquire which has predeceased and which has survived its founder. With such abstract



JOHN WESLEY.

From an Old Print.

inquiries the book in question does not concern itself, but seeks to place before the reader a faithful and characteristic portrait of the Professors as they appeared to the eye of studentdom, an eye always keen to note the amiable foibles and absurdities of preceptors. This humorous element has found its due place in a series of pen-portraits, which will come very near to the hearts of Aberdeen men the world over. Mr. P. J. Anderson, Librarian to the University, is the "able editor." The University printers have produced the volume in a sumptuous and agreeable form. The illustrations are admirable. The contributors include Sir William Geddes, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Professor McKendrick, and many other distinguished Aberdeen alumni. In addition to several excellent biographical articles—notably that on Minto—Mr. W. Keith Leask contributes a striking chapter on "Men and Manners," in which, with intimate and picturesque touch, he has limned an undergraduate life that now exists only in the memory of a few. Mr. J. M. Bulloch writes sympathetically of Dr. Rennet, the famous mathematical coach, and of others whose functions are, and were, less strictly tutorial.

The College of the English Presbyterians is to be transferred to Cambridge in October. Very handsome buildings have been erected, and already more students have entered than can be accommodated in the College. Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren) is taking the leading part in raising the money and in the general direction of the scheme. Dr. Oswald Dykes is Principal of the College.

It is proposed to establish a new theological college in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists in Oxford. There are already in Oxford, Manchester and Mansfield Colleges. Mansfield specially for Congregationalists, and Manchester for Unitarians. There is also Father Clarke's private Hall for students training to be Jesuits, and the Council has recently authorised a new private Bill for a similar purpose for Benedictines, to be opened by the Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair.

FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The soldier who immortalised himself in *Punch* by proffering advice to those about to marry will never be equalled, let alone surpassed. His laconism closed the door upon all possible rivalry in that respect. Nevertheless, there may be some merit in being a good second; hence, to those who intend to run over to Paris just at present I would say, "Wait, and meanwhile, read the sixth book of 'Aurora Leigh.'" Those who disregard my warning will probably shower imprecations upon the great work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, upon the city she so magnificently described, and, finally, upon themselves for having been beguiled into the place. Paris is simply sweltering in the sun, and any attempt to get a breath of air by repairing to the river-side is sure to prove a delusion and a snare.

It is an old story of mine that Paris in the dog-days is so terrible as to make the dogs themselves commit suicide rather than remain in the capital. I did not come to that conclusion without a certain warrant. During the months of July and August 1884, the temperature was practically what it has been during the last fortnight, and just at that time I happened to get hold of an extract from the monthly report of the Seine Conservancy. The extract dealt with the dead animals found in the stream during the later-named month, and ran as follows: 3929 dogs, 349 cats, 1916 rats, 191 fowls, 130 rabbits, twenty-three pieces of meat, eight geese, three turkeys, two wild bears, two sheep, one goat, one pig, one calf, one monkey, and eight fishes. How the fishes came there I am positively unable to state, for during the many years I have watched the anglers on the river banks, I have never seen them land a live fish. I came, therefore, to the conclusion that the fishes had also been thrown in.

I doubt whether, during the decade and a half which has elapsed since I took a copy of that report, things have materially improved with regard to the deliberate pollution of the river, and the reader may therefore imagine that a stroll on the Quays is not an unmitigated delight to the olfactory organs. In addition to this, it is practically impossible to find rest for the sole of one's foot on the left bank of it, owing to the excavations for the prolongation of the Orleans Railway. In fact, the streets are up everywhere for the coming metropolitan line, and the glare of the white houses in the interior of the capital makes it a downright oven. As a consequence Paris, though materially stewing, is mentally cooling down, and the only articles in demand are "iced drinks." The papers with their Esterlasy contributions and other revelations concerning "l'affaire" are but languidly read. People seem to be content to sit perfectly still, folding their hands on their abdomens à la Renan, and only shifting them now and again in order to "mop" their foreheads. The average Frenchman does not carry his handkerchief in his breast-pocket, but in his trousers' pocket. To save himself the exertion of extracting it every two or three minutes, he places it by the side of his glass on the little marble table with which the outsides of the cafés are plentifully provided, and thus more or less comfortably settled under the present atmospheric conditions, he lets the world march past him until the heat shall have subsided. Until then only. For it would be a great mistake to suppose that with the conclusion of the forthcoming court-martial at Rennes agitation will cease. The sequel to the Dreyfus Affair will not consist of one scandal to be fought over, but of at least half a dozen.

The most important, though, will be the probable indictment of M. André Lebon, a former Minister of the Colonies and the alleged author of a despatch to Dreyfus, which, if it can be traced to M. Lebon, will involve him in most serious difficulties. The Ministry of the Colonies denies all knowledge of the despatch in question. Experience has taught us by now what those official denials are worth. It may, however, turn out that the denial is justified, and in that case M. Lebon will undoubtedly be held responsible, not as a Minister, but as a private individual. If Alfred Dreyfus be finally acquitted, he and his family may shake the dust of France off their feet for ever, and try to bury the past into complete oblivion. Such a step on their part would be almost more than human, but there are individual heroes and heroines, even among Jews, to whom the Lord's Prayer, especially with regard to the duty of forgiving one's enemies, is a moral manual. The offence of which M. Lebon is suspected is, however, too rank, and cries to Heaven itself for vengeance. To have increased Alfred Dreyfus's moral, mental, and bodily agony by casting a doubt—I am using the mildest term—on his wife's honour, while she, the wife, has throughout proved herself to be a pattern of the most sublime fortitude, is assuredly an action for which no extenuating circumstances could be found. Dreyfus himself, in the joy of recovering his liberty, may forgive and prevail upon his noble helpmeet to forgive. But unless I am mistaken, the Code Napoleon makes the whole of a family the custodian of the honour of every member of the family, and they can take action against the traducer. That either Mathieu Dreyfus or the Hadamards will forego that satisfaction is very doubtful. And thus we have another sensation to come. Candidly speaking, it would be well that one or two of the plotters and caballers should be made an example of. Perhaps it may have a deterrent effect. I do not know; I only surmise.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.



1. Battle-ships, with Portland in the Distance. The few Craft in the Harbour belong principally to the Training Squadron.

2. Cruisers Leaving Portland: the Vessels passing the Opening are the "Andromeda," "Arrogant," "Niobe," "Arethusa," "Mersey."

BATTLE-SHIPS AND CRUISERS AT PORTLAND

"Mars." "Dialer."



THE LAST LIBERTY-BOATS

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPING WRIGHT

The ships' boats are under way to bring back liberty men from the Weymouth steamers. Officers in plain clothes are bringing their bicycles on board



STUDIES FROM LIFE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS: No. XXVI.—THE GIANT GIRDLE-TAIL LIZARD OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By LASCELLES AND Co, 13, FITZROY STREET, W.

The Girdle-Tailed Lizards, easily recognised by their spiny tails and bodies, inhabit rocky districts in South Africa and Madagascar, especially where there are ridges of rock on which they can bask. Those who venture to capture them will frequently find themselves in possession only of the spiny tail.



COAL-MINING IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH CHINA, NEAR TAYUEN FU.

ACROSS AN AUSTRALIAN PLAIN.

In a curious and very real fashion, the silence of the Australian plain throws its spell upon the traveller. There is nothing to be seen and nothing can be heard. It epitomises the dignity of centuries. Within the shadow of the desert at night, the sense of time is so infinite that it becomes possible to project thought until it conceives the immeasurable limits of an illimitable expanse to be the

work. There is an exhilaration in the multitudinous duties attached to the run. The cartage of wool and stores to one of the outlying drafting stations, which implies in some instances journeys of many months' duration; the shifting of sheep south as the hot weather comes down from the Equator to play merry hell with the feed and blue blazes with the sheep, are occasions of infinite enjoyment and of incalculable experience. In these moments a man has to rely upon his own unaided

have come up from the home paddocks, and after a journey of many months they have struck the hut. Then for a moment there is a wild excitement, the hands gallop off to



TEAM CAMEL ON THE AUSTRALIAN PLAINS.

outer fringes of that Golgotha where the passing of the centuries is enacted. The silence is simply a dead weight, and until one crushes down the prejudices, one feels to be watching in a dream the transition of some age.

Perhaps it is the wonderful fascination of the plain which causes the solitary swagsman to regard the desert as his final tomb. With no great zeal for work, he humps his billy along the track because the life, being one of ease and idleness, does not jar upon his independence. When his tucker gives out, he makes tracks for the nearest station and either works for a space or begs a loan of the victuals which are essential for carrying him a little farther upon the trail. In its relation to all tramps and belated travellers, the fashion of the country inspires the boss of the sheep-walk with most generous instincts. He feeds everything that comes to him after sunset. The possibilities held out by this rule to the vagrant classes for free food and lodging have been the medium for a tremendous abuse of a custom which in its earliest application was quite patriarchal. So many able-bodied men now pass the summer months upon a circuit where the station houses are not too far distant from one another that the growing influx of sundowners, who arrive for supper with the setting and depart after breakfast with the rising of the sun, has created serious additional expenditure for the station. In New Zealand the run-holder allows the swaggers' hut raw mutton and bread; in Australia flour is changed for the bread, the men having to make scones for themselves when they bake their meat. In the earlier days the practice of greeting all and sundry who came to the run gave mild enjoyment to the squatter's family, as the man on the track in those early days was not the coarse and uncouth barbarian that the twentieth century has evolved. However, to-day the case is so much changed that the swagsman—half bully, wholly incorrigible, and propelled only by the basest motives—rules the sheep-walk by the sheer force of his intimidation.

In the busy season life upon a station is conducive to

service, and the greatest care has to be taken to preserve the sheep from the drought, or to safeguard the team when camped at night upon the plain. The salary may only be a pound a week, but the complete immunity from life's little worries, the sturdy independence which it begets, all tend to make the hour of bustle and activity a time of supreme and vital interest. Men respect brute force out at the back of beyond; and from the distant boundaries of

meet the team. Nine-months-old news is exchanged, which, in itself, is perhaps an additional nine months old, and the

orders are discussed. In a brief second the face of nature is transformed; the men are shouting, the dogs are barking, the sheep bleat as they scent the home truck, and the scene is confused, but replete with life, movement, and dust. However, the interval is rare, and while it continues it is cherished. More usually, life in the regions where the roads are two miles wide, and where the tropical sun has so baked the ground that grass can be seen growing—when it rains—when!—is in the nature of a solitude with sheep and cattle as the disturbing factors. But in its close and intimate affinity with nature, the life is based upon conditions which find their origin in healthy functions. Everything tends to the manliness of the individual in thoughts, in deeds, in words; self-reliance is paramount, and no one need become a mere spectator. Moreover, the scope and ambitions of the life are not unendowed with the finest principles which underlie existence.

The continual contact with information. The dexterity of the rider, the keenness of the hunter, the agility of the mountaineer, all find something additional in that which emanates from station work. The sheep-station is no mere idle lounge, nor one that is occupied only for occasional inspection. It is progressive and processional and continuous, ever presenting surprises in the tasks which spring up, ever a tax upon the capabilities and powers of endurance; and, despite the oblivion which awaits one, and the bad influence it exercises upon the more delicate and sensitive susceptibilities of any nature, its spirit and abandonment, with its natural proclivities, elevate such a life far above the dead level of monotony incident to isolation.

T. ANCUS HAMILTON.



A SWAGSMAN.



TRAVELLING SOUTH IN SEARCH OF PASTURE.

the Never-Never Country, where language is unheeded and morals are unnecessary, to the least obscure quarter-section upon the banks of the Darling, the rough and tumble of a few years upon a sheep or cattle station are better than any number spent amid merely conventional civilisation, and within earshot of the portentous platitudes of the bore and the imbecile cackle of the minx. There is an air of rather stately tragedy about the crumbling and deserted drafting station. In many hundred miles of country it is like an oasis in the desert—the one haven of any practical refuge. In its relation to head-quarters it is, of course, a subsidiary establishment, and it is perhaps so far distant that it is only possible to establish a connection once in twelve months. Perhaps a draft of sheep and cattle or stores



ACROSS THE PLAINS IN WINTER.



A DESERTED DRAFTING STATION.

FRANCO-SPANISH CELEBRATIONS AT XERES.



FRENCH SAILORS ENTERTAINED BY THE MARQUIS DE MISA AT XERES.

During the recent visit of the French Squadron to Cadiz, the French Admiral proceeded to Xeres with 140 of his officers. They were received at the railway-station by the officers of the municipality, the Marquis Bertemati, the Military Governor, and an immense crowd. The visitors were then conducted to the Hôtel de Ville, where the Alcalde bade them welcome, and begged the Admiral to transmit to the French Navy the friendly sentiments which he expressed on behalf of the population of Xeres. The Admiral made

a cordial reply. The French sailors then proceeded to the French Vice-Consul, where the Admiral received the deferential greetings of the French Colony. At the banquet which was given in honour of the naval visitors by the Marquis de Misa at his Bodegas, 240 guests sat down; among others the Duke of Najera, the Prefect of the Province, the French Consul, and the Alcalde of Xeres. The place was decorated with the flags and colours of the two nations. The Marquis Bertemati enthusiastically proposed

the toast of France. The French Admiral in his reply drank to the prosperity of Spain and her royal family. After the banquet the French officers were present at a bull-fight. The arena was decorated with the French and Spanish flags. When the visitors arrived, the band struck up the "Marseillaise," amid the acclamations of the people, and the bull-fighters paid the honours of their craft. The exhibition over, the visitors returned to Cadiz. Everywhere the French sailors were enthusiastically greeted.



THE MARQUIS DE MISA'S BODEGA, DECORATED FOR THE BANQUET.



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LADIES' PAGES.

Never is our Mother-Queen seen to better advantage than in the midst of her family, when the homage that they all pay her as Sovereign is tempered by the affection with which she welcomes child and grandchild. An excellent opportunity was afforded many hundreds of her people to see her Majesty in this guise at the fête organised on behalf of a village church by the Duchess of Connaught. The whole scene was exceedingly pretty. The great white tents with their bright-coloured contents, backed by spreading trees in their fullest foliage, the dark green of oaks and elms, the golden blossoms of the limes, afforded strong contrasts to the deep red of the copper beeches and the silver of the birches and maples; the summer dresses of the ladies, purchasing and serving in the tents, gave the high lights. Princess Christian was in pale grey voile with a vest of chiffon embroidered with pearls, the Duchess of Connaught in delicate heliotrope cashmere with lace insertions, and her young daughters in white muslin with pink waist-belts and pink roses in their hats; and similar summery attire was general. When the scarlet liveries of the royal footmen and the gay trappings of the Indian attendants were added to the supreme interest of the Sovereign's presence, the sight was worth going far to look upon. Her Majesty was taken about the grounds in her pony chaise drawn by a sweet little "circus pony," with long mane and tail and well-groomed coat of purest white. The onlookers were at a respectful distance, fringing the lawns, but not too far off to see the respectful kissing of hands with which the Queen's family meet her, and part of the royal progress brought her in close proximity to the general company.

No photograph of the Queen does her the least approach to justice. The mingled serene sweetness and intellect of her countenance cannot be fixed by the solid camera, and nobody who has not seen her in such a scene as that, where her expression is animated and affectionate, has any idea of her real appearance. I am glad that Mr. Carolus Duran is to paint her Majesty's portrait. He has, the gift to "divinely, through all hindrance, see the man," and express the character and not merely the features, bored and heavy with the wearisome sitting, that so many portrait-painters achieve for their sitters. I wonder if it is permissible to express a hope that this eightieth-year portrait may be in royal robes—such as those the Queen wore at this season's Drawing-Room: a dress of black silk embroidered richly in chenille and jet, and brightened with many diamonds and orders and a regal diadem? At last the Queen wore a black soft satin merv dress and mantle trimmed with black lace, and a mushroom hat, shading the eyes, the crown of white crinoline almost covered with white ostrich tips, the brim black draped with black chiffon.

Considering how proud and fond we are of our Queen, and how successful female Sovereigns have been in many



A TAFFETAS GOWN FOR GOODWOOD.

and diverse lands, it is surely strange that so much deep regret is expressed that the Czarina becomes the mother of girls alone. Why should not one of them be successor to the throne on which the great Catherine proved her capacity? I have been moved to discover how it is that the throne of Russia, which was occupied almost continuously by women during the last century, should be now supposed to be closed to female heirs. I find that the exclusion rests only on an edict of the Emperor Paul, the son of Catherine the Great. He, unfortunately, detested his mother, and seized every opportunity to express that hatred after her death—one such token of unfilial feeling being ordering the exclusion of women from the throne she had filled. Every reform that Catherine had made, legal and social, he abolished, as far and as fast as he could. But he was himself a degenerate scion of that remarkable woman. It was for the very excellence—the reforming tendencies and wisdom of his mother—that he hated her; and the nation that gladly submitted to Catherine for thirty-three years (that was, till her death), judged between them by Paul's speedy deposition. He was most deliberately murdered by his nobles after a reign of four and a half years. He was, in fact, a tyrant, and so weak-headed as to be almost mad about his own dignity and autocracy. Yet it is on his dictum alone that the deep grief of Russia over three baby daughters born to the Czar is due.

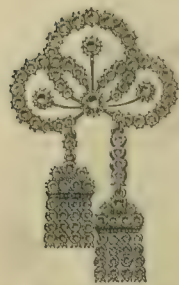
As an illustration of the respect that this autocrat's edicts deserved, let some be mentioned. He ordered that every person riding or driving who should meet the Czar must immediately alight, and prostrate him or herself on the ground. This slavish obedience was an old Russian tradition, but it had been absolutely abolished by the Empress Catherine; indeed, so long before as the time of Peter the Great the usage had been discredited, and that brusque monarch was wont himself to lift with a stick anybody who flopped down in the mud or snow at the sight of him! But Paul immediately on his accession revived the practice, and sent numerous persons to prison for neglecting it. One case was that of an aged lady who had come into St. Petersburg to seek in great haste for medical succour for her husband struck down by illness. She and her people knew neither the person of Paul nor the newfangled mode of showing honour to the Sovereign, and so her carriage passed by the Czar, who was riding, without stopping. He ordered it to be overtaken, the four servants to be sent to serve in the miserable army, and the old lady to be taken to prison. The poor woman was kept there for four days, and then the horror of her and her servants' treatment, and her anxiety about her husband, drove her mad; she never recovered her reason, while her husband died for want of succour.

Other ukases of this petty-minded and mischievous person were that "boutique" should be placed over all shops in place of "magasin," the Emperor alone having the right to call his storehouses by the latter title; that astronomers should never speak of the "revolution" of the heavenly bodies, or actors use the word "liberty," but only

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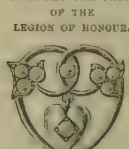
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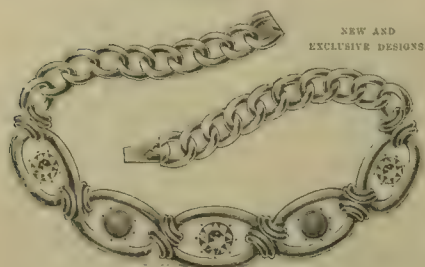
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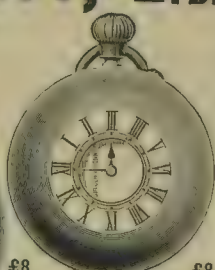
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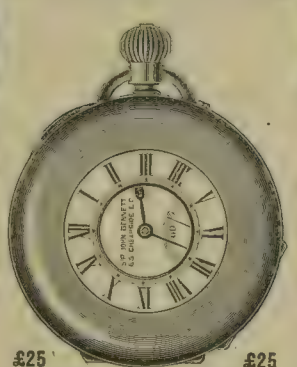
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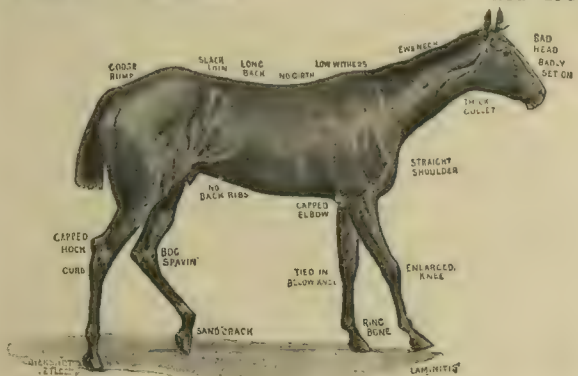
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"permission," in their bills announcing their arrangements with dramatists; and that no ribbons or stuffs showing the tricolour should be manufactured or sold: the French Revolution being then running its course. He made a ukase that nobody should wear a round hat, and the police went about compelling everybody to pin up his hat-brim. He ordered the cab-drivers to have false queues affixed to their hats and to change their style of harness. But when people made such observations on "cet empereur microphile" it merely stimulated him to order the exclusion of female Sovereigns from power for all time!

Lord Dufferin's daughter, Lady Hermione Blackwood, after spending some time in a London infirmary, has courageously entered herself for full training as a nurse at the London Hospital. It is hardly likely that she will follow nursing as a profession, but the complete study of the noble art will prove invaluable to her in wisely directing and aiding such an undertaking as the Indian Medical Aid Fund, which Lady Dufferin instituted under the auspices of the Queen, and which has been of such value to the suffering women in the zenanas.

One of last week's weddings, however, showed by a practical illustration that sometimes a lady of good family not only studies, but steadily practises nursing. Miss Violet Dalrymple Hay, a daughter of Admiral Sir John and the Hon. Lady Dalrymple Hay, was a ward "sister"

at St. Bartholomew's, and has married one of the surgeons of that institution, Mr. Howard Marsh, F.R.C.S. The bride wore a white satin gown cut down like a Court bodice, trimmed round the décolletage with old lace, and filled into the neck and down to the wrists with finely tucked mousseline-de-soie; orange-blossom and white heather also trimmed the dress and composed the bridal wreath worn under a tulle veil. The travelling-dress was of porcelain-blue poplin, with a vest of ruffled chiffon and a fichu of chiffon edged with lace; white straw hat trimmed with forget-me-nots and roses.

Goodwood gowns were of the order that has become well established as the season's fashion, the delicate muslins, some white and some delicately flowered or patterned, the voiles and canyases, the taffetas, and foulard confections, and the all-lace gowns made up so tight and narrow as necessarily



A VOILE COSTUME FOR GOODWOOD.



A CRICKETING SOUVENIR.

The Australian Cricketers and their manager, Major Wardill, have been presented with gold match-boxes of the design figured in our engraving. The fifteen match-boxes were designed and made by Messrs. S. Smith and Son, 51, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, a brother of a member of the Australian Cricket Team. They were made from the design of a match-box which the donor brought over with him from his mines in Western Australia. The style of work selected was Ambroquet on one side appeared the Australian Arms, and on the other side the names of the donor and recipient.

to be ruthlessly trailed in the dust, over delicate tulle or muslin foundation frills. Yellow Luxiel lace skirts, the net woven to the fashionable shape and then lace-worked by hand, proved tempting in view of the great heat of last week when they were ordered and made up; but many of them are absurdly narrow, and flapping behind the wearer remind the observer too much of a mermaid to be pleasant. Goodwood dress is always very handsome, as the popular meeting affords the last opportunity for a long time to come of a society gathering.

Embroideries all over the dresses were much made for the occasion, having the cachet of costliness and yet being light in wear and in effect. Black lace motifs placed on white filmy materials were also much seen. Sashes, too, were greatly in evidence, middle age and a certain degree of (let us politely call it) staidness of figure no longer being considered to debar the use of that erstwhile exclusively girlish adornment. The method of cutting the bodices that is in highest favour at this juncture is to slope them off as if they were to be low, for evening wear, and to have the sleeves end at the elbow, or higher than that, then to fill in the neck and sleeves with an under-bodice of some dainty material, chiffon, silk muslin, or real lace over a soft foundation. Not infrequently, indeed, the transparent material has not been backed at all, but neck and arms were seen merely veiled by the light tissue, yoke and sleeves of lace especially being thus worn. There is often also seen a panel inserted at the left side of the skirt to match the guimpe. Ideas sometimes catch on newly at the very end of the season, and this year a loose shapeless sacque coat of lace, reaching to the waist just long enough to be held in by a ribbon band if liked, is a novelty of this description.

Two gowns for Goodwood designed by Picador are seen in our illustrations. The one of pale mauve voile is originally trimmed with fringe, the fichu, turning down round the bust, is caught at the waist with a Parisian diamond buckle, and a lace vest appearing above. The polonaise is fringed to match, and falls over an under-skirt of lace. The other is a taffetas gown trimmed with motifs of white and silver embroidery on bodice and tunic, the flap front revealing an under-kilting, which also trims round the foot. The white hat is turned up at the side with roses, and trimmed with black plumes.

Perhaps some of the semi-invalids who are now filling up the German and other "bads" would not have needed to give themselves a troublesome journey if they had availed themselves of the useful knowledge that they might have obtained free by sending to Guy's Tonic Company, 12, Buckingham Palace Road, for a copy of their little book on "What to Eat and What to Avoid." Naturally, the main object is to explain the benefits that dyspeptics may expect to receive from the patent medicine in question, but the booklet is shrewdly written, and gives a good many practical hints, including tables of the time needed to digest various articles of diet. FILOMENA.

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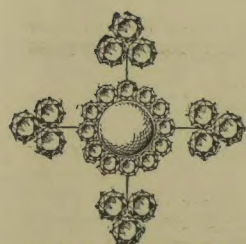
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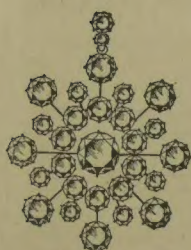
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Diamond Donkey, £35.



Pearl and Diamond Drop and Tie Pendant, £250.



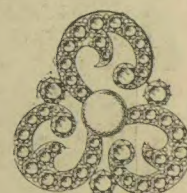
Diamond Dachshund, £22.



Diamond Hackney Brooch, £25.



Diamond and Cat's-Eye Pin, £20.



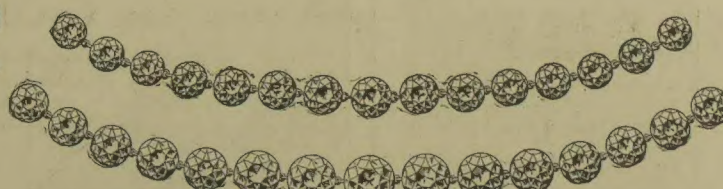
Trefoll Scroll Brooch, with Pearl Centre, £95.



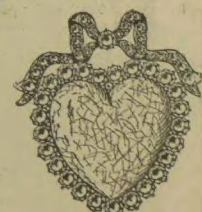
Diamond Flower and Tie Brooch, £30.



Sapphire and Diamond Rings, £15 to £150.



Fine Diamond Riviere Necklaces, from £100 upwards, according to size.



Opal and Diamond Heart Pendant, also to form Brooch, £52 10s.

18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 11, 1897), with a codicil (dated March 3, 1898), of Mr. Arthur Greg, J.P., of Eagley, near Bolton, Lancashire, and Oversley Lodge, Handforth, Cheshire, was proved on July 12 by Edward Hyde Greg, the brother, and Thomas Tylston Greg, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £202,745. The testator bequeaths £20,000, his furniture and domestic effects, and the use of Oversley Lodge, to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Greg; £1000 each to his brothers, Edward Hyde Greg and Robert Phillips Greg; £1000 to his sister Hannah; £1000 to his nephew, Thomas Tylston Greg; 245 shares in J. and P. Coates, Limited, to his nephew, Ernest William Greg; £1000 each to his nephews and nieces; £1000 each to George William Blathwayt, Lindsay Cropper, William Mather, William Morton Phillips, and John Cyril Phillips; and a few other small legacies. He gives and devises Norcliffe Hall, with the family pictures therein, and other lands and hereditaments in Cheshire, to his brother, Edward Hyde Greg; other hereditaments and premises in the said county to his nephew, Henry Phillips Greg; and all his freehold and leasehold lands and premises, quit and ground rents in Reddish and elsewhere to his nephews, Henry Phillips

Greg and Thomas Tylston Greg. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his wife and the other half to his brother, Edward Hyde Greg.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1896) of Mr. Frank Livesey, of Buckland Corner, Reigate, Chief Engineer of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, who died on May 3, was proved on July 18 by Mrs. Georgiana Frances Livesey, the widow, and George Thomas Livesey, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate being £98,466. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, and the balance at his bankers on current and deposit account, to his wife, she paying all debts and funeral expenses; £100 each to his cousins, Eva, Florence, and Laura Livesey, and £50 to Emily Hale. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1897) of William Balloil, Viscount Esher, of Esher, Surrey, 6, Ennismore Gardens, and Heath Farm, Watford, who died on May 24, was proved on July 17 by his son Reginald Balloil, Lord Esher, his brother, Sir Wilford Brett, K.C.M.G., and his sister-in-law, Adele Marisea Bretta Gurwood, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £82,545. The testator gives £600, his furniture, jewels, carriages and horses, and part of his plate and pictures, to his wife,

Eugenie, Lady Esher, and his law library to his grandson, William Dudley Ward. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and at her decease he gives her picture painted by Winterhalter, a picture of himself in Judge's robes by Millais, his service of gold plate and other family plate and pictures to his son; £7000 to his daughter Eugenie Violet Adele Dudley Ward; £5000 to his grandson William Dudley Ward; an annuity of £50 to his wife's maid; and the ultimate residue to his son.

The will (dated May 11, 1899) of Mr. Henry George Matthews, J.P., of Rowsley, Kent Road, Southsea, who died on April 15, was proved on July 15 by Mrs. Mary Aylwin Matthews, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £62,736. The testator leaves all his property to his wife.

The will (dated Nov. 23, 1892) of Mr. Peter Hughes Mathews, of 17, Rosary Gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 27, was proved on July 7 by John Bridson Seale, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £41,658. The testator gives his furniture and household effects, two leasehold houses, 17, Rosary Gardens, and 30, Bina Gardens, and his freehold hereditaments in Gloucestershire to his wife, Mrs. Emma Mathews; £23,000

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587/-, 588/-, 589/-, 590/-, 591/-, 592/-, 593/-, 594/-, 595/-, 596/-, 597/-, 598/-, 599/-, 600/-, 601/-, 602/-, 603/-, 604/-, 605/-, 606/-, 607/-, 608/-, 609/-, 610/-, 611/-, 612/-, 613/-, 614/-, 615/-, 616/-, 617/-, 618/-, 619/-, 620/-, 621/-, 622/-, 623/-, 624/-, 625/-, 626/-, 627/-, 628/-, 629/-, 630/-, 631/-, 632/-, 633/-, 634/-, 635/-, 636/-, 637/-, 638/-, 639/-, 640/-, 641/-, 642/-, 643/-, 644/-, 645/-, 646/-, 647/-, 648/-, 649/-, 650/-, 651/-, 652/-, 653/-, 654/-, 655/-, 656/-, 657/-, 658/-, 659/-, 660/-, 661/-, 662/-, 663/-, 664/-, 665/-, 666/-, 667/-, 668/-, 669/-, 670/-, 671/-, 672/-, 673/-, 674/-, 675/-, 676/-, 677/-, 678/-, 679/-, 680/-, 681/-, 682/-, 683/-, 684/-, 685/-, 686/-, 687/-, 688/-, 689/-, 690/-, 691/-, 692/-, 693/-, 694/-, 695/-, 696/-, 697/-, 698/-, 699/-, 700/-, 701/-, 702/-, 703/-, 704/-, 705/-, 706/-, 707/-, 708/-, 709/-, 710/-, 711/-, 712/-, 713/-, 714/-, 715/-, 716/-, 717/-, 718/-, 719/-, 720/-, 721/-, 722/-, 723/-, 724/-, 725/-, 726/-, 727/-, 728/-, 729/-, 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1139/-, 1140/-, 1141/-, 1142/-, 1143/-, 1144/-, 1145/-, 1146/-, 1147/-, 1148/-, 1149/-, 1150/-, 1151/-, 1152/-, 1153/-, 1154/-, 1155/-, 1156/-, 1157/-, 1158/-, 1159/-, 1160/-, 1161/-, 1162/-, 1163/-, 1164/-, 1165/-, 1166/-, 1167/-, 1168/-, 1169/-, 1170/-, 1171/-, 1172/-, 1173/-, 1174/-, 1175/-, 1176/-, 1177/-, 1178/-, 1179/-, 1180/-, 1181/-, 1182/-, 1183/-, 1184/-, 1185/-, 1186/-, 1187/-, 1188/-, 1189/-, 1190/-, 1191/-, 1192/-, 1193/-, 1194/-, 1195/-, 1196/-, 1197/-, 1198/-, 1199/-, 1200/-, 1201/-, 1202/-, 1203/-, 1204/-, 1205/-, 1206/-, 1207/-, 1208/-, 1209/-, 1210/-, 1211/-, 1212/-, 1213/-, 1214/-, 1215/-, 1216/-, 1217/-, 1218/-, 1219/-, 1220/-, 1221/-, 1222/-, 1223/-, 1224/-, 1225/-, 1226/-, 1227/-, 1228/-, 1229/-, 1230/-, 1231/-, 1232/-, 1233/-, 1234/-, 1235/-, 1236/-, 1237/-, 1238/-, 1239/-, 1240/-, 1241/-, 1242/-, 1243/-, 1244/-, 1245/-, 1246/-, 1247/-, 1248/-, 1249/-, 1250/-, 1251/-, 1252/-, 1253/-, 1254/-, 1255/-, 1256/-, 1257/-, 1258/-, 1259/-, 1260/-, 1261/-, 1262/-, 1263/-, 1264/-, 1265/-, 1266/-, 1267/-, 1268/-, 1269/-, 1270/-, 1271/-, 1272/-, 1273/-, 1274/-, 1275/-, 1276/-, 1277/-, 1278/-, 1279/-, 1280/-, 1281/-, 1282/-, 1283/-, 1284/-, 1285/-, 1286/-, 1287/-, 1288/-, 1289/-, 1290/-, 1291/-, 1292/-, 1293/-, 1294/-, 1295/-, 1296/-, 1297/-, 1298/-, 1299/-, 1300/-, 1301/-, 1302/-, 1303/-, 1304/-, 1305/-, 1306/-, 1307/-, 1308/-, 1309/-, 1310/-, 1311/-, 1312/-, 1313/-, 1314/-, 1315/-, 1316/-, 1317/-, 1318/-, 1319/-, 1320/-, 1321/-, 1322/-, 1323/-, 1324/-, 1325/-, 1326/-, 1327/-, 1328/-, 1329/-, 1330/-, 1331/-, 1332/-, 1333/-, 1334/-, 1335/-, 1336/-, 1337/-, 1338/-, 1339/-, 1340/-, 1341/-, 1342/-, 1343/-, 1344/-, 1345/-, 1346/-, 1347/-, 1348/-, 1349/-, 1350/-, 1351/-, 1352/-, 1353/-, 1354/-, 1355/-, 1356/-, 1357/-, 1358/-, 1359/-, 1360/-, 1361/-, 1362/-, 1363/-, 1364/-, 1365/-, 1366/-, 1367/-, 1368/-, 1369/-, 1370/-, 1371/-, 1372/-, 1373/-, 1374/-, 1375/-, 1376/-, 1377/-, 1378/-, 1379/-, 1380/-, 1381/-, 1382/-, 1383/-, 1384/-, 1385/-, 1386/-, 1387/-, 1388/-, 1389/-, 1390/-, 1391/-, 1392/-, 1393/-, 1394/-, 1395/-, 1396/-, 1397/-, 1398/-, 1399/-, 1400/-, 1401/-, 1402/-, 1403/-, 1404/-, 1405/-, 1406/-, 1407/-, 1408/-, 1409/-, 1410/-, 1411/-, 1412/-, 1413/-, 1414/-, 1415/-, 1416/-, 1417/-, 1418/-, 1419/-, 1420/-, 1421/-, 1422/-, 1423/-, 1424/-, 1425/-, 1426/-, 1427/-, 1428/-, 1429/-, 1430/-, 1431/-, 1432/-, 1433/-, 1434/-, 1435/-, 1436/-, 1437/-, 1438/-, 1439/-, 1440/-, 1441/-, 1442/-,

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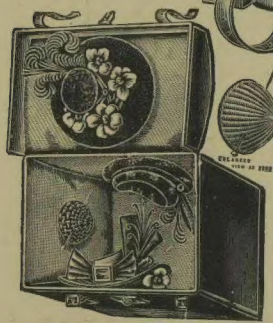
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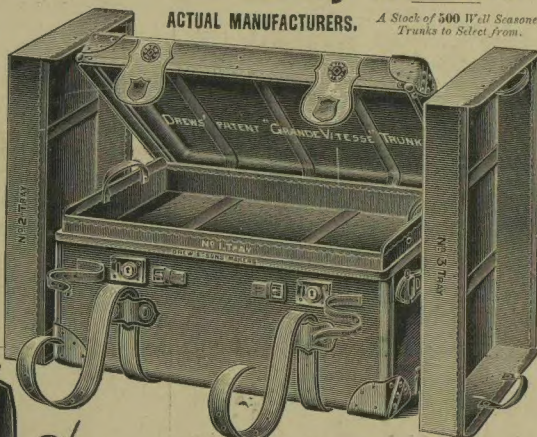
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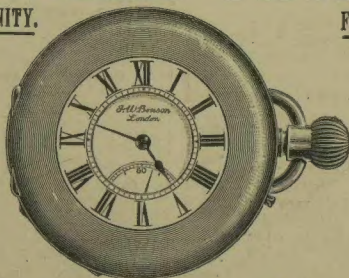
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